

THE MONTH

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JUNE, 1896.

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The Venezuelan Boundary Question.

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.

(Shakspeare, *1 Henry IV.* Act iii. sc. 1.)

THE Blue Book recently published by Her Majesty's Government on the Venezuelan boundary claim is a compilation of considerable interest, and one which reflects credit upon all who are responsible for its production.¹ Whatever view may be taken of the question at issue, the documents now made public ought to disabuse even unfriendly critics of the impression that Great Britain has merely been trying to bully a weaker neighbour out of his belongings, trusting to escape public notice through the victim's insignificance. That the chivalrous instincts of Venezuela's big brother should have been roused to take rather violent action, does not, we confess, altogether surprise us, in the light of the diplomatic correspondence which may here be perused in its entirety. There is just a suggestion of a "go-and-be-hanged" tone about some of the British replies to Venezuelan demands for arbitration, which was not calculated to soothe the susceptibilities of Anglophobists across the Atlantic. It was all very well for English Ministers to assure the claimants that "Her Majesty's Government have carefully studied all the documents communicated to them, . . . and have recently made further investigations which have resulted in the acquisition of much information of which they believe that the Venezuelan Government is not aware,"² but in the meantime the nature of that information was locked up in Ministerial bosoms, and language of this sort, apart from the production of the evidence referred to, is not in itself reassuring.

¹ Foremost among these may be mentioned the name of Mr. J. H. Reddan, of the Foreign Office, who, as we may learn from the Demerara journal *Timehri*, has devoted a long period to studying the question in the Spanish Archives at Simancas and Alcalá de Hinares.

² *Memorandum in reply to Senor Urbaneja's PRO MEMORIA*, March 19, 1890. Blue Book, p. 413.

Still, now that the evidence is published, however tardily, we think that justice will be done to the good faith of English diplomatists. It is possible that some adversaries will still consider Great Britain in the wrong, but they will admit that she has not been merely playing a game of bluff, and that she has substantiated her claim with titles which merit the most careful consideration.

Much, of course, in these matters depends upon the preconceptions with which the subject is approached. In America there has been a widespread disposition to picture England as a sort of Slogger Bill twisting the arm of some helpless and inoffensive fag in a dark corner until the wretched victim consents to part with his pocket-money. While such ideas prevail, it is natural that American feeling should be deeply stirred, and that President and people should be at one in their determination that these iniquities should not be allowed to pass without protest. In England, on the other hand, the action even of responsible Ministers has probably been influenced by an inclination to look on Venezuela, with its uncertain finances and perpetual revolutions, much as a prosperous and self-respecting citizen regards a disreputable acquaintance who spends his days in a chronic state of intoxication. If such an unfortunate specimen of humanity calls after his fellow-townsmen in the street, "Hi! you've taken my umbrella," the chances are that he will get no answer, or a very curt one. If he persists in demanding that the dispute be referred to a mutual friend, or insinuates that he will take five shillings to say no more about it, he may possibly be told that the matter can wait until he is sober enough to know what he is talking about. This is perhaps a view of the facts as distorted as the American belief in British greed of dominion, but it affords, we are convinced, a true explanation of the irritating indifference with which Her Majesty's Government has hitherto treated suggestions as to the necessity of justifying their claim. Now, however, that a by-stander, who is entitled to consideration, has interposed in the dispute, John Bull, albeit a little nettled at the manner of the interference, is quite willing to make explanations and to prove that he is no thief. That proof is given to the public in the Blue Book of 444 pages, *Venezuela I.* (1896), with the volume of maps which accompanies it, and it may be interesting to review the matter here in a somewhat more impartial and

judicial spirit than we can reasonably expect to find in the Government statement itself.

We may assume that our readers are already familiar with the main features of a dispute which still hangs threateningly over the political horizon, and that they will remember the appeal made on the Venezuelan side to the hoary antiquity of the Bull of Alexander VI. This celebrated document which assigned to Spain in the most absolute terms¹ the dominion over all the lands discovered, or to be discovered, Westward of a certain arbitrarily drawn meridian line, has its importance even now, and cannot be shut out of our inquiry. However lightly all parties may be disposed to think of the Pope's seeming pretension to portion out the surface of the earth at his pleasure, a very great deal in the present controversy depends upon the answer we give to the question, By what right did the Spaniards hold their dominion in the New World? If their title lay in the gift and concession of certain regions to them by the Bull of Alexander, then the presumption will always be that any portion of the territory so assigned still belongs to the Crown of Spain or its representatives, unless there be proof that it was ceded by treaty to some other Power, or that its annexation by some other Power had been tacitly acquiesced in. If, however, we set aside this deed of gift as valueless, then we practically affirm that the Spanish claim rested only upon conquest and occupation. Those portions of the continent which had never been effectively occupied by the invaders, and the native inhabitants of which never recognized any dependence upon Spanish rule, were, on the coming of new settlers, still open to conquest and the legitimate prize of the first civilized government which was able to make good its footing. This distinction seems to us, we confess, to be one of primary importance, and if it be not presumptuous to criticize so exalted a document as a Blue Book, we think that the neglect to insist upon it has in some sense obscured the issues to be determined. If conquest and occupation alone constitute a valid title to sovereignty in a

¹ "Hodie siquidem omnes et singulas terras firmas et insulas remotas et incognitas versus partes occidentales et mare oceanum consistentes per vos (Ferdinand and Isabella) seu nuntios vestros ad id propterea non sine magnis laboribus, periculis, et impensis destinatos, repertas et reperiendas in posterum, quæ sub actuali dominio temporali aliquorum dominorum Christianorum constitutæ non essent, cum omnibus illarum dominiis, civitatibus, castris, locis, villis, juribus, et jurisdictionibus universis, vobis hereditibusque . . . motu proprio et ex certa scientia ac de Apostolicæ potestatis plenitudine donavimus, concessimus et assignavimus." (Ap. Raynaldum, *Annales*, 1493, § xviii.)

newly discovered country, then the claim of Venezuela to the territories in dispute has not a leg to stand upon. The historical documents in the Blue Book, and many other testimonies which may be brought to support them, prove overwhelmingly that all that part of Guiana which Great Britain now maintains to be rightfully hers has never at any period been occupied by Spain or recognized the dominion of Spanish-speaking masters. On the other hand, if the Bull of Alexander conferred a valid title to the possession of all the American continent, then England may reasonably be called upon to prove that she claims no more territory in these regions now than was formally ceded to Holland in 1648 by the Treaty of Münster. Upon this supposition, Venezuela as the heir of Spain must be regarded as in possession. There will always be a *presumptio juris* in her favour, and in the case of any dispute the burthen of proof will fall upon any Power which seeks to establish a rival claim. Now, to show that the boundary line which England is contending for in 1896 is identical with that which was contemplated in 1648 by the parties to the Treaty of Münster, is a task which the vagueness of the language used in the treaty, as well as the dearth of records, would render interminable if not impossible. It is to be regretted, we think, that the Blue Book should affirm the identity of the actual and ancient boundaries in any way which would seem to put this question upon the same footing with other propositions easily proved and established beyond dispute.

It will be seen, then, that the nature of the title by which Venezuela lays claim to the territory which she has inherited from Spain, is a matter of considerable importance, and it therefore becomes interesting to notice the language in which the modern Republic refers to this point in what may be called one of the fundamental documents of her Constitution. The despatches of her diplomatic representatives, as they appear in the volume before us, profess on occasion a veneration for the text of the Venezuelan Constitution which might hardly be looked for in a country where revolutions are of such every-day occurrence. Let us quote, then, a few passages from the "Manifesto to the World" which the revolutionists published in 1811, at the moment of shaking off the yoke of the mother country :

It is [says this document] an evident fact that America does not belong to the territory of Spain. . . . The Bull of Alexander VI. and

the just titles which the house of Austria alleged in the American Code, *had no other origin than the right of conquest*, partially ceded to the conquerors and settlers for the aid they had rendered to the Crown in order to extend its dominion in America. . . . As soon as the lameness and invalidity of the rights arrogated to themselves by the Bourbons is demonstrated; the titles by which the Americans, *descendants of the conquerors*, possessed these countries revive; not in detriment to the natives and primitive proprietors, but to equalize them in the enjoyment of liberty, property, and independence, which they always held by a right stronger than that of the Bourbons, or of any others to whom they (the Bourbons), may have ceded America without the consent of the Americans, its natural owners. . . . No title just or unjust which exists of her slavery could apply to the Spaniards of Europe, and all the liberality of Alexander VI. could do no more than declare the Austrian Kings promoters of the Faith, in order to find out for them a preternatural right whereby to make them lords of America. . . . *Those who conquer and obtain possession of a country by means of their labour, industry, cultivation, and intercourse with the natives thereof, are they who have a preferable right to preserve it and transmit it to their posterity born therein.*¹

The language of these quotations shows clearly enough that the dominion of the soil, in the idea of the founders of the Venezuelan Confederation, was vested in those who first conquered and settled upon it. According to the same principles, the colonists were free, if they chose, to sever their connection with the mother country, but, on the other hand, it would follow that if they wished to maintain their allegiance none could dispute their right to do so. As for the Bull of Alexander VI., the Venezuelans, in 1811, clearly regarded it with ill-disguised contempt. It may be maintained then, that if we assume the fact, to be proved later, that none of the territory now claimed as British was ever conquered or settled by Spanish-speaking races, it is impossible to conceive any title by which Venezuela can claim to *inherit* it, and to establish itself there to the prejudice of England. At the time that the Venezuelans declared their independence, it was still in the

¹ A copy of this manifesto, with other papers, was published in London, in Spanish and English, in 1812, in a volume entitled, *Interesting Official Documents relating to Venezuela*. The document we have been quoting from is headed, "Manifesto made to the World by the Confederation of Venezuela in South America, of the reasons on which she has founded her absolute independence of Spain and of every other Foreign Power." The italics of course do not appear in the original. The Spanish text may also be found in *Documentos para la historia de la Vida publica del Libertador*, vol. iii. p. 198, as well as in other similar collections. The English translation is in Thompson's *Alcedo*.

possession of native tribes who owned no allegiance to Spain, and it is not pretended that any subsequent act on the part of Venezuela or the natives has conferred a better title.

We are not disputing that Venezuela claimed all the territory of Guiana from the beginning; we are only saying that her claim was no stronger than that of Spain, which avowedly rested on the Bull of Alexander. That Spain, on the other hand, should have continued to assert such rights in this and similar cases long after the logic of facts had made her pretensions preposterous, will surprise no one who is familiar with the conservatism of Spanish ideas or with the view of the royal prerogative which obtained even in this country in the seventeenth century and later. English monarchs went on calling themselves Sovereigns of England and France for centuries after they ceased to occupy a foot of soil on the other side of the Channel,¹ and this at a time when profound peace reigned between the two Powers. Everything goes to show that the claim of the Spanish Crown to the dominion of all Guiana was just as meaningless. It was a paper sovereignty, and nothing more. The *amour propre* of the Spaniards found satisfaction in the assertion that beyond Alexander's line they were lords of the American continent. The other great Powers, those especially who recognized no allegiance to Rome, were perfectly willing to let the Most Catholic King so style himself if it pleased him, but the action not only of England, but of France and of Holland, showed that they respected no other title to the soil of the New World than the title of conquest and occupation. Take for instance the colony of Virginia, which was founded at a time when the relations of England and Spain were diplomatically most amicable. Readers of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's History will have read to little purpose if they have not carried away a profound impression of the dominant influence exercised by the Spanish Ambassadors in England during all the early part of the reign of James I. Now the colony of Virginia was first planted in 1609. In 1612, the Spanish Court took the alarm. There was a vast amount of talk and excitement, as the English Ambassador at Madrid constantly reports, but no definite action was taken, because it was hoped that "the English plantation would fall of itself," an issue which even the said English Ambassador, "from

¹ George III.'s official style during the greater part of his reign was "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

the extreme beastly idleness of our nation," seems to have thought not altogether improbable. However, the Virginian plantation struggled on, and in November, 1613, matters at Madrid began to look serious. To quote the despatch of Sir John Digby, as summarized in the *Calendar of Colonial Papers*, there was a

"Hot dispute" with the Spanish Secretary of State about the English plantations in Virginia. The Secretary complained of King James giving permission to his subjects to plant in Virginia and the Bermudas, which of right belonged to the King of Spain, whose title to those lands he urged was indisputable by the conquest of Castile and by the Pope's Bull of Donation. Arguments on both sides. Desires the Secretary would provide against English merchants being wronged by way of fact, and that disputes as to title might be decided by fair courses between the two Kings.¹

To these remonstrances no attention was paid. The Virginia colony was maintained, and a charter for the Bermudas was issued to the Earl of Southampton and others on June 29, 1614. With regard to the Spaniards in Guiana it is absolutely certain that no effective occupation of the territory was ever seriously attempted.² Raleigh pressed this point home in his *Apology*, written at the time when Spain was clamouring for his blood in revenge for the raid he had made upon the one Spanish post on his way to the supposed "El Dorado." To set up a town of sticks covered with leaves, he urged, and call it San Thomé, was not taking possession of the great Empire of Guiana, for the Spaniards had neither reconciled nor conquered any of the Caçiques of the country.³ The result was that in a very few years both Dutch and French had planted themselves in all the most advantageous spots along the coast claimed by Spain. If England failed to do the same, it was only because her energies were chiefly diverted into other channels, for she issued grants and charters to colonists who planned to settle on that coast, and she paid little or no heed to the remonstrances made by the Most Catholic King's Ambassadors. The Spanish writers of a somewhat later date, the missionaries most of all, attest in the strongest terms the energy and the success of the Dutch traders. Fathers Gumilla,⁴ Cassani, Caulin, Gilij, men who had an intimate

¹ *Calendar of Colonial Papers*, vol. i. p. 16.

² See the articles in *Timbri*, vol. ix. pp. 1—54, 321—347.

³ *Ibid.* p. 331.

⁴ Referring, for instance, to the unsuccessful English expeditions of Sir Walter Raleigh, Keymis, and others, Father Gumilla says (*El Orinoco Ilustrado*, p. 10. Edit.

personal knowledge of the country, alike deplore the influence of the Dutch with the Caribs, and bear witness that the commerce of the whole region was in their hands. And yet during all the time that these powerful plantations were growing up Spain continued to assert on paper her claim to the whole of this vast region of many thousands of square miles, in which she maintained but a single miserable fort and a handful of men in a place three hundred miles distant from the seat of all this energy. It would be easy to give abundant evidence for these statements, and much may be found in the Blue Book taken from both Spanish and Dutch official sources, but the only point which we are here insisting upon is the magnificent way in which Spain ignored it all, and as late as 1768, more than a hundred years after the Treaty of Münster, in which she recognized the Dutch colonies, calmly blotted them all out with a stroke of the pen, and described the whole of the province lying between the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Atlantic as Spanish territory. We should have thought that such statements, which simply prove that all similar pretensions are quite worthless as evidence of any serious title, would have been carefully kept out of sight by Venezuelan statesmen. So far from that, Señor Calcaño, in 1876, trots out these claims with the utmost complacence, and makes a merit of not insisting upon the literal fulfilment of all they involve.

The undersigned [he says] will not stop here to avail himself of the valuable testimony of Herrera, the celebrated historian of Spain and the Indies, of which he wrote the "Decades" in the reign of Philip V., nor that of Father Pedro Murillo Velarde, who wrote in 1752, who in concurrence with other writers of the epoch unanimously assign to Spain the ownership of all Guiana, nor will he appeal to the public treaty concluded in 1750 between Spain and Portugal, in which both nations binding themselves to aid and assist each other until they were in peaceful enjoyment of their dominions in South America, the obligation on the part of Portugal is extended from the Amazons or Marañon to

1741): "The Dutch were more fortunate. They were the first to establish the trade in tobacco with Guiana, and that with so much energy and success that in certain years as many as nine or ten Dutch three-masters (*fragatas*) fully laden were to be seen on the Orinoco. Some time after, when the King forbade all commerce with the foreigners, Captain Janson, under pretence of recovering arrears of payment, . . . attacked the town of San Thomé, sacked it, and reduced it to ashes." Father Gumilla goes on to describe how the Spaniards then rebuilt the town forty miles further up the river, to be out of the reach of the Dutch. This was in 1637. These facts, taken from Spanish writers, are amply confirmed by extracts from official documents in the Spanish Archives published in the Blue Book.

the borders of the Orinoco on both sides, nor to that of the Royal Decree issued at Aranjuez on the 5th of March, 1768, in which it is stated in reference to the primitive limits of Spanish America that on the South they reach to the Amazons, and on the East to the Atlantic Ocean.

Señor Calcaño, being bent on conciliation, was considerate enough not to suggest that Great Britain, Holland, and France should evacuate Guiana altogether. He is content to convey delicately that in strict right they might be asked to do so. We may perhaps venture to infer that there must be something initially wrong about principles which would lead to such very startling disturbances of the *status quo*.

Passing now from the question of just title, to that of historical fact, with which the Blue Book is mainly concerned, it will be well to make a few remarks about the geography of British Guiana, necessary for the fuller understanding of the subject.

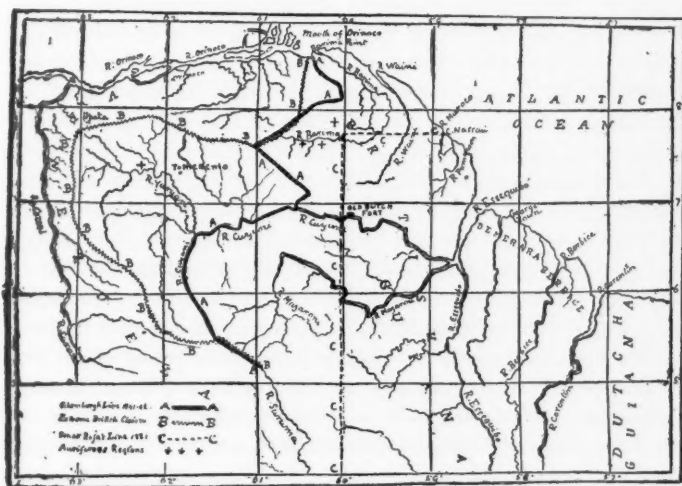
British Guiana, as everybody knows, is situated a few degrees north of the equator, on the eastern coast of South America. On the side of the Dutch possessions of the same name which lie next to it on the east, the River Corentin forms the boundary, and about this no difficulty is likely to arise. From the Corentin, on the British side, the coast-line follows a north-westerly direction, for three hundred miles, as far as the mouth of the Orinoco. Along the lower part, the settlements of Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo, established by the Dutch, our predecessors, more than two hundred years ago, are too firmly rooted, and too thickly colonized, for their title to be now disputed, but above the Essequibo the last hundred and fifty, or two hundred miles, of this sparsely inhabited tract of coast is all more or less the subject of contention between England and the Government of Venezuela, which rules undisputed on the northern side of the Orinoco. According to the delimitation of 1841 made by Sir R. Schomburgk in the interest of the British Government, the British territory extends up to the mouth of the Orinoco, and a little bit round the corner, so far as to include the Rivers Barima and Amacura, which fall into the Orinoco a few miles west of the headland bounding its southernmost outlet. With regard to this stretch of coast-line, right up to Point Barima, Her Majesty's Ministers have intimated that no question of title can now be entertained, although it is admitted that Lord Aberdeen, in 1844, was willing to accept as

a boundary the little River Maroco, which flows into the Atlantic near Cape Nassau, one hundred and fifty miles south of the Orinoco.¹ On the Venezuelan side, Señor Fortique, in 1844, contended that the Essequibo had always been regarded as the limit of the Dutch possessions, and consequently made a demand which, as Lord Aberdeen pointed out, would involve the surrender by Great Britain "of about half the colony of Demerara, including the island of Kyk-over-al, where the Dutch had their earliest settlements upon the Mazaruni, the missionary establishment at Bartika Grove, and many actually existing settlements upon the Arabisi coast to within fifty miles of the capital."² The present demands of the Venezuelans are somewhat less extravagant, and Señor Rojas, in 1877, suggested as the coast limit a point practically identical with Lord Aberdeen's, though the imaginary line of demarcation proposed by the Venezuelan Minister, which was to travel down the sixtieth meridian of west longitude, reduced the British possessions to a very narrow compass as regards any expansion towards the interior. This question, in fact, of the extension of the colony inland forms a second, and almost independent aspect of the Venezuelan boundary dispute. There is some evidence to show that the old Dutch colonists maintained their right to the whole of the territory drained by the Essequibo and its affluents. Seeing that the Cuyuni, one of the principal tributaries of the Essequibo, is spread over a very large district westwards and northwards to a distance of more than three hundred miles from the coast, this arrangement, which is marked in the rough sketch-map on the opposite page as the extreme British claim, would leave Venezuela but a very narrow strip of territory on the right bank of the Orinoco, from the River Caroni to its mouth. The British Government have therefore, at all stages of the dispute, expressed their willingness to submit this tract of country to arbitration, but they have asserted at the same time, as a matter which could not be discussed, their right to the main waters of the Cuyuni, as far at least as the point where the Yuruari falls into it, at a distance of about two hundred miles from the sea.

¹ It should be noticed that Lord Aberdeen's despatch expressly affirms the right of the British to claim the whole coast-line as far as the Barima, and describes the arrangement proposed as an amicable cession of territory on the part of Great Britain. In consequence, apparently, of the troubled state of Venezuelan domestic politics, no answer to this proposal was ever returned.

² Blue Book, p. 253.

Here at Yuruan, a British post is accordingly established,¹ consisting of an inspector and six policemen, and the retention of this as the western and the mouth of the Orinoco as the northern limit of the British territory in this region has been a fixed principle in the programme both of the present Cabinet and their predecessors. The seemingly arbitrary direction of the zig-zag line between these two points, as drawn in the delimitation proposed by Sir Robert Schomburgk, is determined only by the convenience of securing certain natural features, the mountain chain of Imataka in particular, to form part of the frontier.



It is perhaps necessary to add that the whole, or nearly the whole of the large territory in dispute was not considered until recently to be a possession of any particular value. It was left in the state of primeval forest, it was inhabited by savages who, although they had lost their primitive ferocity, were utter strangers to civilization, and the purpose for which the Dutch formerly retained their hold upon it having ceased with the abolition of slavery, there was no reason why Great Britain should show herself very jealous about the exact limits of a corner of her vast Empire, the development of which by colonization and occupation was not then very rapid. On the other

¹ See a valuable paper and map by Mr. G. G. Dixon in *The Geographical Society's Journal* for April, 1895.

hand, the cartographers were very largely influenced by the Spanish tradition. In the decadence of her power, Spain clung if possible all the more tenaciously to the paper glories of colonial dominion. We have already seen how, during the eighteenth century, her writers and her official representatives could still ignore the existence of the Dutch and French possessions in Guiana altogether. Even the more rational among her historians and map-makers professed to regard the presence of foreigners as an usurpation and invasion of Spanish territory.¹ They marked off a narrow margin of the coast and called it *Colonias de Olandeses*, but all the rest—"Naciones no coñocidas" and regions inhabited by savage Caribs or Aruacas—was part of the Provincia de Guayana, itself only one of the smaller sections of the vast dominions of the King of Spain. Naturally the delineation of South America was mainly left to the Spaniards, for no one disputed their title to the greater part of the continent, and it is not then surprising that their view of the delimitation of the frontiers should often be adopted without question, even by French or English geographers. It is this, we fancy, which over and above the deeply-rooted feeling of "America for the Americans," has influenced the opinion of able and impartial men in the United States. The Venezuelan Ministers in their various memorandums appeal almost entirely to the evidence afforded by older maps and books, several of them printed in England, or at least outside of the Spanish dominions. There are only a certain proportion of these old maps, we admit, which give to the Dutch possessions the extent now claimed for British Guiana. And yet, as we shall see, when we come to original documents, to the correspondence of officials preserved in the archives of the two nations interested, the state of affairs in Guiana begins to wear a very different aspect, and we begin to understand that while the Dutch influence extended far amongst the savage tribes with which their plantations and trading-stations were surrounded, the Spanish dominion in Lower Guiana was little more than a hollow sham, and the tone adopted by their representatives in answer to the demands of the Dutch was one of apology and conciliation.

¹ See, for instance, the map used both for Gumilla's *El Orinoco Ilustrado*, and Cassani's *Historia de la Provincia de la Compañia de Jesus del nuevo reyno de Granada*. This was first published in 1741.

To show how uncertain the whole matter has long been, and how widely divergent the information given by approved authorities, it may be worth while to set down the result of a few minutes spent in looking through old atlases in a rather miscellaneous private library. The four maps we mention were literally the first four bearing on the subject which came to hand. The earliest in point of date is the fine "General Atlas" engraved by T. Kitchen in 1782, from d'Anville and Robert, with corrections and improvements. In this the north boundary of Dutch Guiana on the coast is fixed at the River Waini, just below Barima point and the mouth of the Orinoco. Thence the frontier-line is drawn some three hundred miles inward to the S.S.W., and in this way a territory is assigned to the Dutch which is in general agreement with the Schomburgk line or the actual British claim. Next comes the huge atlas to Thompson's *Alcedo*, magnificently engraved by one of the Arrowsmiths, and published in 1816. Here it is clear that Spanish originals have been followed, to wit, as a comparison shows, the map by Surville which is to be found in Caulin's *Historia de la Nueva Andalucia*, published in Madrid at the expense of the Spanish Government in 1779. Adhering strictly to his Spanish authority, Arrowsmith makes Cape Nassau the northern limit of British Guiana, leaves Great Britain no portion of the Cuyumi, and assigns, in fact, even less territory to the colony than would be left us by accepting the proposals made by the Venezuelan Minister, Señor Rojas, in 1881. On the other hand, in a smaller but careful work by "M. A. Lesage," *Atlas Historique et Géographique*, published in 1804 by Didot, Aîné, the boundary of Dutch Guiana is placed some sixty miles up the Orinoco, at a point considerably beyond the limit even of the extreme British claim, but corresponding very accurately with what we know of the sphere of Dutch influence amid the savage tribes of those regions.¹ Lastly, in Mitchell's *Universal Atlas*, a work published at Philadelphia in 1847, and very full in all that concerns the American continent, the maps contradict each other. The general map of South America assigns to Guiana as its northern boundary the mouth of the Orinoco, with a generous slice of the interior; but the special map of Venezuela, founded, no doubt, upon Venezuelan sources, makes the territory of the latter stretch right down to

¹ The real name of M. A. Lesage was the Comte de Las Cases, afterwards well known for his championship of the exiled Napoleon. He seems, when an officer in the French navy, to have visited the regions we are concerned with before 1789.

the Essequibo, in accordance with the extreme claim advanced by Señor Fortique in 1844.

It has been said above that once we have set aside the Bull of Alexander VI. and the extravagant claims founded upon it, the only satisfactory title which remains to territory beyond the seas is that of conquest and occupation. If Venezuela can prove that any portion of the country which falls within the Schomburgk line was effectively occupied by Spain, or that the tribes which people it recognized the suzerainty of His Catholic Majesty, the question would at once assume a different aspect altogether. But the whole strength of the British case lies, as we take it, precisely in this, that not only do the different memorials presented by the Venezuelan Ministers fail to offer any proof of this effective occupation, and do not even attempt it, but that there exists on the other side abundant evidence to determine the exact limits beyond which the Spanish power never advanced.

As far as printed literature goes it is from the writings of the missionaries of the eighteenth century that we obtain the most exact account of what was known as the Province of the Lower Orinoco. They possessed an intimate knowledge of the country, in which they had most of them laboured for many years in close contact with the natives, and they make little attempt to disguise the pitiful state in which that section of the Spanish dominions then found itself. We wish we had space to quote in full the account given by Father Caulin, a Spanish Observant Friar (who left Guiana about 1760, and published at Madrid in 1779, under royal patronage, his *Historia Corographica de la Nueva Andalucia*), of the boldness of the Dutch, their pernicious influence with the natives, and the powerlessness of the miserable Spanish garrison in San Thomé to cope with them effectively.¹ Every year, he tells us, they made an expedition a long way up the Orinoco, passing up its tributaries and making their way over the country at their pleasure, the Spaniards not venturing to oppose their progress. Twice, as is admitted on all hands, the position of San Thomé, the one Spanish post, was shifted, first in 1637 to a point a few leagues east of the Caroni, and then in 1764 higher up the

¹ Pp. 368—375. If Caulin, in his preface and notes, gives a much more encouraging account of the state of the province since he quitted it, he was probably misled by the exaggerated reports sent home by the Governor Centurion. Cf. Blue Book, pp. 17—19.

river still, to Angostura, always with the intention of getting further away from the Dutch. Beyond the Caroni there were a number of more or less prosperous Reductions of Indians established on the Orinoco, principally by the Jesuit missionaries, together with some Spanish posts, and there were many other settlements on the north of the river, in the territory which we may call Venezuela proper.¹ But along the lower part of the Orinoco on the southern side, the side, that is, upon which the Dutch colonies lay, there is not a word to be found of any Spanish post or settlement except in connection with the missions of the Catalonian Capuchins, of which we must shortly speak. It must not be supposed that these regions, for the possession of which Venezuela and England are now contending, were barren wastes or swamps uninhabitable and unoccupied by native tribes. On the contrary, they were thickly peopled by the Caribs and Aruacas, but as the French geographer Poirson, who engraved his map in 1805 from the results of recent exploration, thinks it worth while to record upon the surface of the chart itself, the tribes of this region, between the lower Orinoco and the Essequibo, were even then independent; and there is no indication in any map, Spanish or otherwise, older than 1820, of any sort of settlement having been established there, since the Dutch gave up their post at the mouth of the Barima about 1683.² Let us turn, then, to the one claim which the Spaniards can advance to the occupation of this territory, the mission of the Catalonian Capuchins.

The first attempt made to preach the Gospel to the savages upon the right bank of the Orinoco seems to have been made by two Jesuit Fathers, Vergara and Ellauri, about 1666—though great confusion exists as to the date.³ Father Gumilla declares that they founded five Reductions, and that he had seen the old baptismal registers of the Indians whom they converted; but it is certain that they could not maintain their footing in the country, mainly through the action of the Dutch, and the

¹ As may be seen in the map of Luis de Surville, which is attached to Caulin's *Historia Corographica*, the name *Provincia de Guayana* is applied to the whole territory between the Amazon and Orinoco as far to the west as Columbia. It was almost entirely from the Reductions in the interior that it derived any importance which attached to it.

² Cf. P. M. Netscher, *Gechiedenis van de Kolonien Essequibo, &c.* (1888), pp. 92 and 380.

³ Cassani, *Historia del Nuevo Reyno de Granada*, p. 135; Caulin, *Historia Corographica*, p. 9.

same authority tells us that when the Dutch sacked San Thomé, many of the Spaniards who escaped the sword perished there afterwards of hunger, Father Ellauri amongst the rest. In 1686, the Jesuits having been charged in the meantime with the missions higher up the Orinoco, the Catalonian Capuchins made an attempt to evangelize this region, and before the year 1702, had established three Reductions, but disease and famine frustrated their efforts, and for twenty-two years more the lower Orinoco remained without a single missionary.¹ Then, in 1724, the Catalonian Capuchins once more returned to their apostolic task, this time with more success. In 1734, a conference took place among the Superiors of the different Religious Orders, and in a division of the vast missionary field open to their labour which received the official sanction of the Governor of Cumaná, the Capuchins had allotted to them the district extending from the Orinoco to the Dutch possessions on the Essequibo, and westward as far as the meridian of Angostura,² the spot where San Thomé at a later date was built up for the third time. It is not disputed that the Spanish Government and the missionaries claimed the whole of this region as belonging to Spain and within their jurisdiction, but, as may easily be seen by studying even the Spanish maps, they actually occupied but a very small slice of it, despite all their apostolic labours. What is more, beyond a few soldiers in the Reductions, they held the ground absolutely alone. "In the whole of that country," writes the Capuchin Father Rocco da Cesinale, the historian of the missionary labours of his Order, "a country which would fill the most zealous missionary with horror, no human habitation was to be found but the one town of Guajana (San Thomé) and a few Capuchin missions." This he quotes from the missionary Father Gilij, who had spent long years in the country, and who wrote as recently as 1780. Of this "town of Guajana," Gilij declares that all the houses had been destroyed, and that the place was marked only by what he calls "a decent sort of fort."³ The inhabitants had been removed higher up the Orinoco to the town of Angostura. "This," he explains, "is the place where the Governor of Orinoco resides. There are

¹ *El Orinoco Ilustrado*, p. 11.

² See Caulin, *Historia*, p. 10, who re-echoes, in 1779, the language of his compatriots about Dutch usurpation: "Cuyo terreno (ríos y costas de Esquivo, &c.) tienen usurpado a nuestro Catholico monarca."

³ *Storia delle Missioni dei Cappuccini*, vol. iii. p. 737. Rome, 1873; Gilij, *Saggio di Storia Americana*, vol. i. p. 10.

several good forts there, and a number of soldiers for the defence alike of the town and of the neighbouring missions of the Catalanian Capuchins. But the houses are all of mud (*malta*), after the manner of all the villages on the Orinoco." ¹

This language is universal. "There is a Governor resident at San Thomé," writes an English traveller in 1810, "but dependent on that of Caracas. The Bishop also is established in this town, but there is not in the whole country a building suitable for the residence of either, or the celebration of Divine worship." This, be it remembered, is not a place in the disputed territory, but the capital of the so-called Province of Spanish Guiana, and nearly as far distant from any point of the Schomburgk line as Georgetown or Essequibo.² Between the Spanish capital and the portion now claimed, there lay nothing which represented Spanish authority or Spanish enterprise but the Catalanian Capuchin missions, and seeing that we have exact accounts from official sources of the location and number of the Reductions as late as the year 1817, we are able to say with confidence that up to that date Spain, or rather, Venezuela, had no settlement within fifty miles of the territory now in dispute.

It is difficult to resist the temptation to dwell upon the story of this Capuchin mission, not as being in itself exceptionally remarkable, but as an illustration of the solid work achieved by the Catholic Church in the wildest region of South America. Although the same glamour does not attach to the missionary enterprise upon the Orinoco, which has rendered famous the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay, the method followed in the two cases was substantially the same. The chief distinction lay in this, that in the settlements of Indians in the more northern province, the civil or military power contributed its share, and obtained formal recognition. It is not true, as Father Gilij is at pains to point out, that the natives were converted at the point of the sword,³ but an armed escort of "Spanish" soldiers attended the missionaries in their expeditions, and some few of their soldiers, specially selected for their more moral lives, lived permanently in the Reduction.⁴ We wish we had space to

¹ Gilij, *Saggio*, p. 56.

² Angostura, San Thomé, or, to give it its modern name, Ciudad Bolívar, lies too far up the Orinoco to appear in the sketch-map on p. 163.

³ *Saggio*, vol. ii. p. 125.

⁴ A report of Centurion's in 1770 lets us know that there was no other garrison than *one* soldier in each Reduction as an escort to the missionary. (Blue Book, p. 115.)

quote from the vivid picture of the foundation of these settlements which Father Gilij and other missionaries have left us, or from the official report printed by the Capuchins who laboured on the left bank of the Orinoco.¹ Suffice it to say that these Catalanian missionaries on the right or southern bank, despite the raids of the Dutch and English (!),² enjoyed a very considerable prosperity between the years 1734 and 1788. They developed rapidly, and owing to the fortunate introduction of a breed of horned cattle from the other missions which thrived upon the rich savannahs of the Caroni, became a source of wealth and afforded abundant supplies to the commissariat of the Province of Guayana. We have not the least wish to undervalue the success which attended these missionary efforts, but, as it happens, we are able to ascertain from official documents the exact limits of their extension. We know that as the Reductions developed on the side of the Dutch colonies—although, as already said, they never came within fifty miles of the boundary now claimed—they were protested against by Holland and explained and apologized for by the Spanish Ministers,³ that the most advanced Reduction was founded in 1788 on the edge of the savannah, and that this remained until 1817 the extreme limit of Spanish or Venezuelan authority. Before we proceed, however, to give full evidence of these statements, it will be interesting to set before the reader the account of these regions given by M. Depons, a careful and intelligent observer, and formerly French agent in Caracas. It was published by him at Paris in 1806, under the title of *Voyage à la Partie Orientale de la Terre Ferme*,⁴ and was reproduced in Thompson's *Alcedo*.

The missionaries charged with bringing the Indians to a social life by means of Christianity, began their work by this part of Guayana. Twenty-seven villages built to the east of the River Caroni bespeak the success of the Catalanian Capuchin Fathers. They have not, however, approached the coast by above thirty leagues; because it is inhabited by the Caribs, the most ferocious and courageous of all the Indians, who have invariably made martyrs of the apostles who endeavoured to convert them to Christianity. It is true that the ferocity of the Caribs would have yielded to the moral teaching of the missionaries, if the Dutch of Surinam, wishing to extend their trade to Spanish

¹ *Noticia del Estado que han tenido y tienen estas Misiones.* Caracas, 1745.

² Father Caulin attributes to the English the almost complete destruction of their missions about the year 1740.

³ See the Blue Book, pp. 93—130.

⁴ Op. cit. vol. iii. pp. 316—319.

Guiana, had not made it a part of their politics to protect the vagabond life of the Caribs, who prevent the Spaniards approaching their coast. It is certain that Spanish Guayana appears upon the maps to occupy fifty leagues of coast from the mouth of the Orinoco to Cape Nassau, but might in reality be said not to occupy an inch ; for the natives have defended their independence so well that they have never been converted, reduced, nor conquered ; and are in fact as free as they were before the discovery of America. It is lamentable that the barbarous use they make of their liberty obliges the philosopher to wish rather that they should lose, than that they should preserve it.

The Dutch have been thought to be much more vigilant and solicitous about the protection of their settlements in this quarter than the Spaniards. For the latter have no advanced posts on the frontiers of the former, whilst the Dutch have on the coast a body of guards, and occupy a fort called the Old Castle, at the junction of the River Mazaruni with the Essequibo ; they also keep an advanced guard of twenty-five men upon the River Cuyuni. By means of these precautions, they are not only respected in their own territory, but they over-run with safety all the neighbouring Spanish possessions. They remove their limits whenever their interest invites them, and maintain their usurpation by force.

The natural result of this is that the Spaniards and Dutch live at Guayana not like very good neighbours. They reproach each other with injuries, some of which are very serious. The Spaniards pretend that the Dutch constantly encroach upon their territory, and respect no boundaries ; that they destroy the Spanish trade with Guayana by the contraband goods they introduce ; that they constantly excite the Caribs against them, and prevent their subjection by the advice they give them and the arms with which they furnish them. The Dutch, on their part, impute to the Spaniards the desertion of their slaves, who meet at Guayana with an hospitable reception, with their liberty, and with the protection of the Government. It is true that the Spaniards have for a long time protected, more from a principle of vengeance than humanity, all the slaves of Surinam who have sought an asylum among them. They have even peopled with these fugitives two very considerable villages upon the banks of the River Cama, where they receive likewise the Indians who are forced by the Caribs to fly from the slavery of the Dutch.

Now this account of the Catalanian Capuchin missions is in every respect borne out by the official documents to which we are referring. In the collection of *Documentos para la Historia de la Vida del Libertador*, published in Venezuela in 1875 and following years, we have several papers referring to these missions taken from the archives at Caracas. One of the most

interesting of these is the report made in 1799 by Fray Buenaventura de Sebadel,¹ the Prefect of the missions. A description is therein given of each one of the Reductions; its exact position is determined by its distance from the capital, from the Spanish station at Upata and the neighbouring Reductions, while a brief account is added of the character of the soil, of its natural resources, and of the number of Indians in the settlement.

From this paper it clearly appears that Tumeremo, founded in 1788, was the most remote of all the Reductions from San Thomé, and consequently the nearest to the Dutch possessions. It was established upon the edge of the savannah, and it is described as being shut in on the north and east by mountain ranges impassable to travellers and by savage tribes not yet converted.² Tumeremo, which is marked on our sketch-map, still exists, and is a flourishing *pueblo*, described in Mr. Dixon's paper read last year before the Royal Geographical Society, but it remained to the end the last and most remote of all the Capuchin missions. In 1816, after the Venezuelan Revolution, another report of these missions was sent in.³ In this the same twenty-seven Reductions are mentioned, indeed one which appears in the former list, Angel Custodio, had then disappeared. There are the two Spanish settlements mentioned at Upata and Barceloneta, but they mark no advance towards British territory, and the explicit mention of these confirms the statement which may be found elsewhere that no other Spanish post existed.⁴

What is more, the history of the tragic end of the friars who governed the Reductions, supplies a curious incidental confirmation of the extreme position still held in 1817 by the settlement of Tumeremo. When the civil war was raging which followed up the declaration of the independence of Venezuela, the revolutionists were not long in realizing the value of the

¹ *Documentos*, vol. i. pp. 460—469. Edited by J. F. Blanco.

² *Documentos*, vol. i. p. 469. The site of Cura as marked in the sketch-map of 1888, inserted in the Blue Book at p. 413, cannot be quite accurate. The paper we are quoting from describes it as six leagues south of Tumeremo.

³ *Documentos*, vol. v. p. 557.

⁴ This appears in a sermon preached in Spain by Fray Nicolas de Vich (July, 1817), in honour of the murdered or martyred Capuchins, and afterwards published. (See *Documentos*, vol. vi. p. 388.)

The introductory notice to Vich's sermon quite confirms the account of Caulin as to the miserable state of Guiana. "Aquella Provincia en donde el Rey de España solo poseía antes unas pequeñas fortalezas en la orilla del Orinoco, llamadas ahora de la antigua Guayana, en las que mantenía un pequeño destacamento de soldados," &c.

rich crops and vast herds of the Capuchin missions south of the Orinoco. The revolutionary general, Piar, after a brief struggle overran this district. On February 17, 1817, after seizing the missionaries and imprisoning them amid cruel hardships, he published a proclamation to the Indians, of which it will be sufficient to cite the first few paragraphs.

Proclamation to the Indians of Tupupuy and the other Missions.

The rule of Spain has come to an end; our country is free, and you who are its primitive sons ought to be the first to enjoy this liberty, with the privileges and rights which it confers.

Up to this you have been subject to the arbitrary will of the Capuchins, who, not content with exercising their spiritual ministry, have oppressed you and made slaves of you. It shall not be so in future.

The army of the Republic are your defenders. We regard you as brothers, and as such we grant to you the same rights as ourselves. The fruits of your labour shall be your own; the services you render shall be paid for, and you shall be rewarded for them with all the honours to which you are entitled.¹

Three months after this, the twenty-two Capuchins who survived—twelve had already died in prison—were seized and murdered by order of the officials to whose charge they had been confided, and who according to report had long before declared that they would make halters to hang them with out of their own beards. This act has always left a stain upon the memory of Bolivar. It may not be true that he said, on hearing of the imprisonment of the missionaries by his subordinate, "The idiot! why hasn't he shot them?" but it is certain that he made no attempt to punish those responsible for their death. What, however, is of special interest to our purpose is the deposition of the official, Blanco, to whom the administration of the district was committed on the arrest of the Capuchins, who declared that it had been arranged between Bolivar and himself that the missionaries should be conveyed to the Reductions of Tupuquen and Tumeremo, "*which are the most remote of the Eastern district*,"² and there kept in confinement. This, be it noted, was as late as 1817.

But, it might be urged, although the missions of the Capuchins were confined within narrow and definite limits, is it not almost necessary that they should have proved a starting-

¹ Blanco, *Documentos*, vol. v. p. 598.

² *Ibid.* p. 610.

point for fresh enterprise, that many Spaniards should live there and extend their influence into the regions beyond? Natural as this suggestion may seem, it involves an entire misapprehension of the character of their missionary Reductions, as may be seen from an interesting description of the careful observer quoted not long since.

M. Depons, the author of the *Voyage à la Terre Ferme*, draws a somewhat sharp contrast between the primitive missionaries of Guiana and those whom he found there at the time of his journey in 1802—1804, not to the advantage of the latter. These are points, however, which do not concern us, but it is important in the present connection to mark the regulations which were enforced in the Reductions over which they presided.

At the present day [he writes] the missionaries are divided among the Indian Reductions, where they exercise functions both administrative and apostolic. There is only one in each village. He in his own person enjoys both the veneration due to the priesthood and the homage exacted by a sovereign. The population in these villages is entirely composed of Indians. No one else is admitted. This regulation, which is prescribed by the law, is altogether to the advantage of missionary rule, and the Fathers are so keen in forestalling any undesirable intercourse with strangers to the prejudice of their authority, that the Spaniards who may have occasion to pass by these villages, have only leave to remain the night if they arrive in the evening, or for the time necessary to take a meal if their coming be in the daytime. The missionary entertains them in his own house, and prevents all communication with the natives during their stay, which no visitor is ever allowed to prolong for any motive or pretext whatever, and by this means it is impossible to obtain any accurate information as to the sort of life the missionaries lead.¹

Our space has not allowed us to say anything of the Dutch claims of the eighteenth century and of the evidence of maps and official papers by which it is supported. This is in some sense the newest and most interesting part of the information supplied in the Blue Book, and we may perhaps return to it in a future number. In the meantime it seems to us that the facts already adduced alone sufficiently justify the British claim. As regards mere priority of discovery no one can seriously maintain that Columbus, by once or twice visiting the West Indian Islands and the *tierra firme* beyond, gave his countrymen a right of hoisting their flag for ever throughout the length and breadth of the two huge continents which extend from Hudson's Bay

¹ Depons, vol. ii. p. 137.

to Tierra del Fuego. If, on the other hand, the Bull of Alexander VI. be appealed to either as a deed of gift or as a verdict of international law expressed through the voice of the then universal arbiter of nations, it must be equally noted that throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the decision, so far from being acquiesced in, was persistently ignored and set at defiance by Holland, England, and France, by every nation in fact that had ships to cross the Atlantic in. Even if the colonies they founded were in the first instance usurpations, the Treaty of Münster recognized in the most formal terms their right to continue in peaceful possession of American soil. And once planted there, we maintain that Dutch settlement or Spanish, had an equal right to expand and extend their influence as long as that expansion was not made into territory effectively occupied by a civilized power. It is true that the Spaniards extended their dominion by preaching Christianity to the savages and teaching them to till the soil, the Dutch by supplying them with gunpowder and fire-water. The contrast may be altogether in favour of the former, but we cannot see, looking to the usages of nations, that the Dutch "post-holder" establishes a claim to dominion less effectively than the Spanish missionary. Spreading from their respective centres at San Thomé and Georgetown, the Spaniards and Venezuelans on the one hand, the Dutch and English on the other, have overcome as they advanced the natural obstacles of the country and the barbarism of the natives, and have encountered each other, roughly speaking, along the line which Sir R. Schomburgk in 1841 marked out to delimit the two territories. It is by this practical criterion of the meeting-point of the opposing streams, and not by any principle of abstract right, that the boundary question, as it seems to us, must ultimately be determined.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Traditional History and the Spanish Treason of 1601—3.

II.

WE have thus far confined our attention to such sources of information as, being public property, are accessible to all, and to inferences which others might therefore reasonably be expected to have drawn. Fortunately, however, it is possible to throw fresh light upon the subject, and to adduce evidence, not merely of a negative character, as to the facts of the case.

Among the disadvantages under which our Catholic forefathers have laboured, in respect of charges such as we are considering, none is more grievous than this; it is taken as a first principle of criticism, that no weight is to be attached to evidence which they may offer on their own behalf. Government accounts may be proved false and fraudulent in numberless instances, yet in every case in which they are not so proved they are to be taken as good evidence. But for the accused Catholics, and more especially for priests and Jesuits, the rule is exactly the reverse: though never convicted of falsehood, they are never to be believed, unless it appear otherwise that they are telling the truth.¹

There is, however, one class of documents to which no exception can be taken. Private and confidential correspondence between those who, if there were conspiracy, must have been fellow-conspirators, cannot but reflect the thoughts and designs of both parties. It luckily happens that many letters of this character have been preserved, and, amongst other such collections, the library of Stonyhurst College contains a number which passed between the most conspicuous Jesuits of the period under consideration, many being written while the business of the Spanish Treason is said to have been in progress. We have frequent reports addressed by Father Garnet to the "famous plotter" Father Parsons himself, and others to the

¹ This is exemplified by Mr. Jardine's remarks concerning Father Greenway, *Gunpowder Plot*, p. xiii.

General of the Society, or prominent officials at Rome; and we find Parsons writing to Cresswell, the Agent of the English Jesuits in Spain, and to other Jesuit notables. If there were treason going, it is here surely that it would appear. But, not only is there nothing of the kind; there is much that absolutely contradicts the notion of its existence.

Between December, 1601, and the end of 1603, that is in the period which covers the negotiations of Winter, Wright, and Faukes, we have nearly thirty letters from Garnet, the staple of their contents being what Catholics would expect to find. There is much about the unhappy internal discords caused by the Appellants and their opposition to their superior, the Arch-priest, Blackwell, and to the Society. We hear of persecutions, searches, and martyrdoms; of a new proclamation threatened against Catholics; of admitting lay helpers into the Society at their death, as "the best wages we can give them;" of Indulgences petitioned on behalf of English Catholics; of an intended pilgrimage to Holywell "to improve my health;" and of various details of domestic business. Of the remotest allusion to politics there is next to nothing, and what there is, always in the same sense. In January, 1600,¹ Garnet had written to Parsons of his earnest desire to see peace between England and Spain, as this would in all probability remove jealousies, and thus afford free play for the working of Divine grace towards the conversion of his countrymen, "which," he adds, "is the only thing we seek for." In January, 1603,² we find him addressing the General of the Society in like strain: "By God's grace, our enemies have nothing to lay to our charge, except true faith towards God, obedience to Peter's See, and our earnest efforts to bring our neighbour into the bosom of the Church, or excite him to a better life. And for this in truth we strive with all our soul, giving to none, so far as in us lies, any cause of offence, although perchance there are not wanting those who seek an excuse to break with us. But with God's help they shall find none, and if our enemies revile us we will endure it; only let there be concord within the household of the faith, as we hope there will." This, be it remembered, was written within a month or so of Winter's return from Spain.

This is all that can by any stretch of language be described

¹ Grene's *Collectanea*, P. ii. 546. Though following old style in other respects, Father Garnet always begins the new year from January 1st.

² *Anglia*, iii. 31 (Latin).

as political in Garnet's correspondence, during a period much longer than is now in question.

The evidence afforded by Father Parsons, not merely by implication as the person addressed in such a style, but positively and of himself, is of special importance, and that, precisely because he undoubtedly took a keener interest than others in political matters, and expressed his sympathy, at least in theory, with the idea of foreign influence being brought to bear in regard of the English succession. His course in this connection we may recognize as a grave error, and may blame him for concerning himself with that from which it was his duty to have kept wholly aloof, but none the less, the fact that he did so concern himself, invests with singular importance his testimony as to what actually occurred: and we are at present concerned not with his character and conduct, but with the supposed Spanish Treason.

On October 6th, 1602, that is, when the said Treason should have been at its height, Parsons wrote to Cresswell,¹ by whose instrumentality it is said to have been worked. The letter is written in reply to one asking for instructions, and written after conference with the Father General. It is of the most private and confidential character, as is sufficiently attested by the fact that all proper names are expressed in cipher. To this we have not the key, but as nothing else is thus expressed, though the persons spoken of must remain unknown, we can fully understand what are the topics treated. The document is a long one, thoroughly business-like, treating succinctly of many matters, but these deal wholly with domestic or ecclesiastical difficulties experienced by Cresswell in his government, especially of the English seminaries established in Spain. One only allusion to politics is to be discovered. In a letter which has come to Parsons' knowledge it is charged against some one of Cresswell's subjects, or possibly against Cresswell himself, "that he is a troublesome intolerable man, one that neither talketh nor thinketh nor treateth other matters than of wars and such-like brabbles, that he entereth scandalously into councils both of state and war, is a head and protector of spies, seeketh nothing but to fish out money," and so forth. It is quite clear that whatever foundation there may have been for such accusations, in respect of the individual concerned, his alleged behaviour found no sympathy with his religious superiors.

¹ *Anglia*, vi. 35; Grene, *P.* 189.

Just two months later, December 7, 1602, Parsons writes to his fellow-Jesuit, the celebrated Possevinus,¹ that the progress of the faith in England is such, and the converts so numerous and distinguished, as to have induced the enemy to foment discord within the Catholic body; that, moreover, one weapon has been found especially efficacious, namely, to spread abroad the idea that the Fathers of the Society, the leading Catholics, and most especially Parsons himself, are devotees of Spain, and that all which is done, nominally for the conversion of England, is done in fact in the interests of the Spaniard. But this is a manifest calumny, absolutely without foundation. The King of Spain has no claim to the English Crown, nor have the English Catholics the smallest notion of giving it him. They are indeed desirous to have a Catholic King, and one who would be acceptable to the other sovereigns of Christendom: if the King of Scots would become a Catholic, he would be the very man. But although, as Catholics, the Fathers of the Society cannot but share in this desire, they take no steps on behalf of any claimant whatsoever, and limit themselves to prayers for the good issue of the matter in general. As for himself, he calls God to witness that he would give his life to see the King of Scots a Catholic and succeeding to the throne of England.

In the same month of December, 1602, Father Parsons drew up a summary of news from England, which, being in Spanish, was evidently intended for the information of those in Spain.² It is in substance identical with the letter just described, adding, however, a passing reference to the recent Spanish attempt against Ireland. But the idea of the solidarity of Jesuits and Spaniards he treats as a slander propagated by the Appellants, who say "wonderful things" concerning them both.

As has been said, Parsons himself undoubtedly took strong, and what were then considered most Radical views as to the question of succession. To quote his own principle:³ "The title of particular succession in kingdoms being founded only upon positive laws of several countries (and not upon law of nature or nations, for that kingdoms and monarchies neither were from the beginning, nor are at this day in all realms alike), it must needs follow, that the whole right of these successions, and interests in the same, do depend of the particular ordinances,

¹ *Anglia*, iii. 25 (Italian).

² *Ibid.* vi. 37 (p. 201).

³ *Advertisement*, p. 30.

laws, oaths, and conditions, with which each country hath ordained, admitted, and authorized their kings." From this he deduces, that the Catholic body, being so large and important an element of the English people, have a right to demand of their new monarch a guarantee that he will not treat them as they have been treated; that his refusal will suffice to cancel his claim, however valid otherwise; and that after all which has been done and suffered, to preserve the faith, it would be culpable folly not to exercise this right.¹ Failing James of Scotland, whom he would have preferred, Parsons considered the Spanish Infanta as a possible resource, a claim, though, as he admits, rather far-fetched, being made out for her as the heir of the House of Lancaster. It was, however, obviously intended that she should marry an English nobleman, at one period that she should marry the King of Scots, and thus establish a native dynasty, and "when she was married and was endowed with another estate," she was no more thought of.

It must be remembered, that there were some twelve claimants for the succession; that against the right of all of them—and not least against that of James—seemingly fatal objections might be urged; that Elizabeth's inveterate objection to any discussion or mention of the question, contributed vastly to its confusion; that it was made treasonable to discuss it;² and that the Catholics believed this course to have been adopted by their enemies in order on the Queen's demise suddenly to foist upon them a successor who should continue to deny them the rights of Englishmen.

Whatever judgment, therefore, may be passed upon a priest who mixed himself up with these questions, it can scarcely be denied that, on those principles of government which we now profess and proclaim, the position taken up by Father Parsons is hard to impugn. Neither must it be forgotten that in the same work which contains the principle quoted above, while acknowledging that missionary priests smuggled themselves into England, with spiritual powers from the Pope, he again emphatically denies all disloyalty on their part, and especially all inclination towards the cause of Spain.

In 1600, Father Parsons writes to the Pope³ that there is good hope of toleration in England if His Holiness will instruct

¹ *Letter to Creighton*, May 10, 1596. Grene, P. 316 (Stonyhurst MSS.).

² Sir Francis Englefield, Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, ii. 21.

³ Grene, P. 418. Feb. 21 (Italian).

his Nuncios, in France and Flanders, earnestly to solicit it, for the French King is said to have made overtures in this direction. The Queen is reported to be not disinclined to grant it, and some of her Council to favour it.

The next year¹ we find him addressing the Infanta of Spain, and urging her to make a vow to our Lady, that should she ever find herself upon the throne of England ("which was called of old the Dowry of Mary, as being the first nation ever wholly converted to the service of her Son"), she will restore the ancient splendour, liberty, and privileges of the Church: but there is no hint of employing any more carnal weapons.

I have dwelt upon Father Parsons' attitude, because a right appreciation of this is essential to the understanding of a most important piece of evidence furnished by him. On July 6, 1603, within four months of the accession of James, he drew up an elaborate paper, for the instruction of Father Garnet and others, in which he reviews all the projects entertained by Catholics since he himself went to England, twenty-three years previously, and the steps actually taken by those concerned.² It is obvious that the more of a politician we assume him to have been, the more weighty is his testimony in this matter.

After relating the views entertained in regard of James of Scotland and the Infanta of Spain, as above indicated, he proceeds explicitly to declare that nothing whatever has been done either by the King of Spain or by the Catholics of England in view of the demise of Elizabeth, so as to utilize that opportunity to their own advantage. The King, he says, made absolutely no preparations, "which how dearly it may cost him, God alone knoweth;" and "on the Catholic part many here [in Italy] do say there hath been like omission, in not making some scheme of union amongst themselves and of their numbers and forces, not so much to oppose themselves against the entrance of the present King—for that they have protested—but only that being oppressed in the other Queen's time, and used not like subjects but like slaves, they would now know with what conditions His Majesty would receive them." Our present object is, not to discuss what might, or might not, rightly have been done in the circumstances, but to discover what actually took place, and the evidence of Parsons seems conclusively to prove that neither of the alleged contracting parties in the

¹ June 10, 1601. Grene, *P.* 420 (Spanish).

² Grene, *P.* 444 (Original).

Spanish Treason knew anything of the bargain which they are supposed to have made.

One more document must be quoted from the collection on which I have so largely drawn. Though written two or three years before the period we are examining, it has much interest for us, and not least as affording a practical illustration of the kind of spirit which was fostered in the College which we are told bred up men with English names but foreign feelings, and hatched an evil brood of conspirators, thus rendering but indifferent service to the native land of its pupils. The author, Father John Sweet, though not a Jesuit when he wrote, entered the Society shortly afterwards, which he hardly would have done if not in harmony with its members, and he was afterwards closely connected with St. Omers, where he died in 1632. The paper to which I refer¹ was composed, as appears by internal evidence, in 1599, and, being written in Latin, was evidently meant for the special benefit of foreigners. Its topic is the means by which Britain may be rescued from heresy, and this he treats in a manner highly instructive for our purpose.

To begin with, he warns his readers, that no possible good is to be hoped from the use of force. In the first place, the Catholics in England neither can nor will do anything in this direction. They are comparatively few, they are scattered, without organization, doubtful of one another, and with no belief in their own power. They have no leaders, no arms, no experience, and do not concern themselves with public affairs: they have little knowledge of one another, and much mistrust.

As to foreign Powers, the only one who could possibly do anything is the Spaniard, and that, bent on revenge, the English Catholics have sold to him their country and their liberty, is an idea as prevalent in England as it is insane. On the one hand, no English Catholic could lend to Spain any material assistance, if he would. Let it be laid down as a fixed axiom, which no one in the country itself can possibly doubt, that there is no single individual amongst the English Catholics, of such power and influence, as to be capable of assisting the Spaniards to get into the country, or of helping them when there.

On the other hand, it is equally indubitable, that our Catholics in general would do nothing of the sort, if they could; that the idea of such an alliance against their fatherland is abhorrent to them; and that there is nothing they would not

¹ Stonyhurst, *Anglia*, iii. 29.

prefer. The English Catholics are not so demented as to wish, by an atrocious crime, to purchase their own servitude, and all manner of miseries for their country. Alien conquest is a calamity so awful, that no man in his senses could wish for it. It must not be supposed that these confessors of the faith are forgetful that after God they owe everything to their country; nor that they are basely unmindful of their duties in her regard.

Finally, Spain, of herself, is quite incapable of any such enterprise. Her King is doubtless pre-eminent for power and influence among the monarchs of Christendom; but there is one thing he cannot do—he cannot subdue England. Philip II. prepared during ten years for the Armada; and what did he make of it? For Philip III. to hazard the attempt would be an act of folly so preposterous, that assuredly he would find no Englishman, however devoted to his cause, willing to share in it. The geographical situation of the island is such, as to make it inaccessible to all but born sailors like its natives. What are its reefs and shoals the Armada knew. So terrible are the English on sea, that when the Spaniards descry an English sail, their one idea is to get their own ship into port; or, failing that, to scuttle her. If an attempt be made to prepare a fleet, for purposes of invasion, the chances are that it will be burnt in port by these terrible antagonists. Nor, if a landing were effected, would things be much more hopeful. England has a large body of men, three hundred thousand at least, constantly trained to arms, in their several parishes; and intending invaders must be warned, that wars in England are apt to be exceedingly brief, the national system of tactics being to get at once to close quarters with an enemy. It would be mere insanity wilfully to challenge a nation so redoubtable, which in regard of Spain is not to be called unconquered but ever victorious.

So speaks Father Sweet, and his evidence, as to one important particular, finds confirmation in a quarter where perhaps we should little expect it. The Powder Plot conspirators are hardly the men to whom we should look for any strong expression of patriotic sentiment; nevertheless, in the examination of Guy Faukes of November 6, 1605, may be read as follows: "Being demanded, when this foul act had been done, which would have brought the realm in peril to be subdued by some foreign prince, of what foreign prince he and his complices could have wished

to have been governed, one more then another. He doth protest upon his soul, that neither he nor any other with whom he had conferred, would have spared the last drop of their blood to have resisted any foreign prince whatsoever."¹

It seems, therefore, sufficiently evident, not only that the English Catholics did not in fact form any such project as is alleged, but that they could not have conceived it as possible, and could much less have engaged themselves to execute it.

The incident which we have thus been examining, is not only important in itself, but furnishes, or has been assumed to furnish, one of the most damaging counts in the indictment, long supposed to have gone by default, against the patriotism of our Catholic ancestors, and may therefore be taken as a favourable sample of the whole case of our adversaries. For generations, English writers have considered it so natural and proper to contribute some utterance to the chorus of condemnation, that they have come to have no suspicion, either that there can be any possible doubt about the facts, or that the feelings of Catholics may be in the least hurt by the obloquy cast on those, with whom they consider it their highest honour to be identified. The boys in the fable had grown so used to find sport in pelting the frogs, as to have quite forgotten that the frogs might possibly view it in a different light.

We have been discussing facts, but a word must be said in conclusion concerning principles. Of the charge of intended regicide incessantly brought against Catholics under Elizabeth and James, I will say no more than this, that not by them, but by those who were loudest as their accusers, was a regicide accomplished in the next generation. It is more to the purpose to examine two articles of political doctrine, by even theoretical acceptance of which the Catholic body are assumed to have obviously branded themselves with the character of traitors. They were, in the first place, ready in certain contingencies, to accept as their sovereign a foreigner, in preference to a native prince, and to disregard the legal rights of a competitor if obnoxious to them. It is, however, to be observed, that what Catholics are condemned for being supposed to have contemplated, others are glorified for having actually done. James I.

¹ Record Office, *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 16 A. In like manner, in the examination of Faukes on the next day (Nov. 7) occurs the following passage: "Being demanded, whether they meant not to have made any use of the Spaniards about Dover: answered that they meant to have made use of any that would have taken their parts: so yt it was not to admitt any forrain power to ye countrie." (*Tanner MSS.*)

himself had technically no legal title to the English Crown, his line having been explicitly excluded by an Act of Parliament. As Mr. Hallam tells us,¹ no private individual could have recovered an acre of land without proving a better claim; and Professor Thorold Rogers declares,² that "for a year after his accession, James, if Acts of Parliament are to go for anything, was not legally King." Moreover, in the eyes of Englishmen of that day, James was a foreigner, and in the eyes of many, a foreigner of a peculiarly objectionable type, for the close relations into which two peoples inhabiting the same island were necessarily brought, had not been such as to foster mutual regard. Many, we are told,³ warned their countrymen against admitting the sovereign of, what they were pleased to style, a "beggarly nation;" and Father Gerard relates,⁴ that "some, who yet are no prophets nor sons of prophets, but Protestants of the wiser sort, alleged that it might well be feared that the lean and hungry oxen of Pharaoh's dream would devour all the fat and goodly oxen which their English fertile ground had fed so well before, and that these ravenous beasts would eat them up, and yet seem to be nothing satisfied."

It is still more to the point to observe, that this very substitution of a foreigner for a native prince, and of one more remote, for one nearer in blood, is the very essence of that glorious Revolution, which we are taught to regard with pride and affection. William of Orange was a foreigner; the Elector of Hanover was a foreigner; they were brought over, the one to expel a native monarch already in possession, the other, expressly to exclude the native princes to whom the succession would naturally fall; and the statesmen who brought them in are eulogized as the faithful guardians of our national freedom.

The second charge against Catholics of the last years of Elizabeth, is intimately connected with the first. It was the point of religion on which they were prepared above all to insist, and in regard of it to shape their course. Sir Edward Coke quoted⁵ as treasonable, and almost blasphemous, the instructions given by the Pope to his subjects in England, that, when the throne should become vacant, they were to exert themselves in favour of that successor who would most favour the Catholic

¹ *Constitutional History*, i. 289.

² *Agriculture and Prices*, v. 5.

³ Parsons, *ut sup.*, July 6, 1603.

⁴ *History of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 35.

⁵ Speech on the trial of Father Garnet. (*State Trials.*)

cause, to the exclusion of any other, whatever his claim on the score of blood-relationship. It is only necessary to remark, that—the parts of the Catholic and Protestant religions being reversed—this is the fundamental principle of that palladium of our liberties, the Act of Settlement, wherein it is explicitly laid down and enacted, that all and every person that shall be reconciled to, or hold communion with the See of Rome, or profess the Popish religion, or marry a papist, shall be excluded and for ever incapable to possess or enjoy the crown, and that the succession shall pass elsewhere, as if the said person were naturally dead, and fall to some other, being a Protestant.

It thus appears that, according to the proverb, though one man may steal a horse, another may not look over a hedge. If the Catholics of Elizabeth's time had in effect concerned themselves about the succession, and exerted themselves to secure such a sovereign as would assure them the enjoyment of what they held their most precious inheritance, they would have done no more than attempt to exercise what, when exercised by others, is pronounced the most precious right of English freemen, not to assert which would be to show themselves unworthy of its possession. Their offence is, not what they projected or attempted, but that they were on the wrong side—that they strove for a system now unpopular, and adhered to a lost cause. When all is said, the principle lying at the root of the matter, is that summed up in Sir John Harington's famous epigram :

Treason doth never prosper : what's the reason ?
Why ; if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

J. G.

St. Peter.

THOU didst say, "Come!"—one supreme minute's
space—

I know not how I came, but I was there ;
Coming to Thee ; I only saw Thy face,
Treading on earth, on water, or on air.

I knew not, were I body or spirit then ;
I only felt that I was free, was free ;
God's Kingdom opened to the sons of men,
The fetters of the flesh dropped off from me.

I walked upon the waters, and the whole
Enraptured moonlit universe was thrilled
With the same glory of the sovereign soul,
With the same ecstasy of love was filled.

Then all was o'er, and only hand of Thine
Saved me, at point to perish in the sea ;
And yet that moment's memory still is mine,
Knowing that what has been again may be.

I was the eye-witness of Thy Majesty
Upon the Holy Mount ; I heard and saw,
Loosed from the limits of mortality,
Unblinded by the overshadowing awe.

Thy glory excellent ; I bore to gaze
On Thy transfigured countenance Divine,
White as the sun, and lived within its blaze ;
I cannot call it back, but it was mine.

I heard the Voice, the Voice from out the cloud,
Rolling in thunder, but more tender even
Than Mary's : " This My Son," It said aloud,
" This My Belovèd," yea the Voice from Heaven.

I saw Thee at Thy highest in the life
Neither of earth nor Heaven, but on that height
Midway, where flesh and spirit have no strife ;
With Thee I entered that transcendant light.

Alas ! I did not see Thee at Thy lowest !
Was I not one whom Thou to take didst choose
Into the Garden with Thee, and Thou knowest
When Thou hadst need of me I did refuse.

I did not see, I think that none did see,
The face that leaned above me, and that found
Me sleeping, sought for comfort even from me ;
Oh, my lost hour of hours, no time brings round.

No more of that night ! In my heart a sword
Is fixed, and hardly I the lifelong pain
Endure, and only on Thy breast, O Lord,
Dare I uncover that deep wound again.

Marvel on marvel, could I count them all !
What should man rise to with such grace immense ?
For me remains the memory of my fall,
And nothing great in me but penitence.

I am Thy Peter, he whom Thou didst name ;
And on this Rock it was Thou didst foretell
That Thou wouldst build Thy Church, and that the
same
Should stand in strength against the gates of Hell.

Yes, it is Peter, now so old and poor,
Who once with Thee was young in Galilee ;
To whom so much Thou gavest, ever sure
Thy word shall stand, but what shall stand of me ?

The servant of Thy servants in distress,
What of that charge Thou gavest me to keep ?
I bring Thee but my fault, my nothingness ;
Thy last, Thy least—how have I fed Thy sheep ?

To-day they watch and weep, and hunger sore,
Thy poor, Thy secret ones, Thy Saints of Rome,
O my beloved, O my lambs no more !
To-night my orphans of the Catacomb.

Yet now I must not overmuch lament,
For it is Thou hast led me all the way ;
Surely Thy poor, Thy aged penitent,
Shall weep the last of bitter tears to-day.

Not for to-day that upborne path of power ;
I have to pass the slow and shuddering way,
That downward sinks from fainting hour to hour,
The way of slaves and prisoners every day.

Humbly they pass, in dread and in despair,
Knowing not Thee, and black their hopeless past ;
Yet the Angel of Thy pity standeth there,
And to Thy bosom beareth them at last.

More humbly than Thy lowest in disgrace,
Who have not known Thee, nor have Thee denied,
Unworthy of the malefactor's place,
Hung for a sign to all men at Thy side,

Must I depart, of my own heart reproved ;
But O, my Lord, my Master, pity me !
I have not served Thee yet, I have not loved ;
Have I but this day left to give to Thee ?

Only one day,—and I have not begun
With all my soul and strength to do Thy will,
Nothing is suffered yet, and nothing done.
Surely I love Thee ? yet my heart stands still.

Yet this last day is mine, and best at last ;
Though all my past fallen short, or done amiss,
I cannot fail Thee now, nor flee, held fast,
Made like to Thee in dying, saved like this.

Nay, not like Thee ! my thoughts presumptuous ran,
Thou, Virgin-born, most delicate, most fair !
I, Thy old weather-beaten fisherman,
No more Thy anguish than Thy love could share.

And yet Thou callest me, callest by name ;
Through opening doors I hear Thee calling fast ;
I have forgotten all my old sad shame,
I am coming, coming, Lord, to Thee at last !

I come, I come ! though to the lowest place,
Thou wilt not spurn me from Thy feet adored.
What ! Hast Thou come to meet me face to face ?
Thou knowest that I love Thee, O my Lord.

MARIA MONICA.

Canon Bright and Father Rivington.

CANON BRIGHT has republished in a collected form a few papers, of which the first is a revision of two articles in the *Church Quarterly Review*.¹ This first paper, which is also the longest and gives its own name to the volume, is entitled *The Roman See in the Early Church*.² It is in answer to Father Rivington's *Primitive Church and the See of Peter*, and will on this account attract the most attention. It is on the contents of this one paper that we propose to make a few observations.

Our first criticism must be one of disappointment at the tone which Canon Bright has adopted. Lord Halifax has lately been exhorting us all to discuss our differences in a spirit of friendly courtesy, scrupulously giving each other credit for sincerity of purpose. The advice is good, and the more it is followed the better it will be for the cause of truth. But Canon Bright has not elected to follow it himself, and has increased the difficulty for those on our side who may be desirous to follow it. When discourtesy succeeds discourtesy on almost every page, and even insinuations of downright dishonesty abound, it is hard for readers of the party attacked to preserve their equanimity and not resent the studied unfairness. As against Father Rivington such a tone was especially uncalled for. No one who knows Father Rivington can doubt that he has written with the purest desire to press on the attention of his fellow-countrymen the claims of what he conceives to be the truth, and his book bears the clearest traces of the careful industry which he has bestowed upon its composition. There may be those who think his arguments inconclusive, but no one can truthfully say that they do not represent very painstaking research. There may be those who think he has left facts or features out of account, but no one

¹ In October, 1894, and January, 1895.

² *The Roman See in the Early Church, and Other Studies in Church History.* By William Bright, D.D. London: Longmans, 1896.

can truthfully say that he has not tried hard to give due weight to whatever is urged, or might be urged, against his case. There may be those who think he has given an occasional incorrect rendering of some expression in an author cited, or an occasional erroneous reference, but no one can justly say that he has not done his best to render meanings accurately, and we know, as a matter of fact, that he has been most conscientiously laborious in verifying all quotations. Nor can any one justly bring against him the charge of want of courtesy. It would be hard to detect even a single unkindly expression, either in the book which Canon Bright attacks, or in any other which he has written in defence of the Catholic claims. And yet if a reader were to judge of his style and methods, not from a personal perusal of his works, but according to the account given of them by Canon Bright, he would have to pronounce them superficial, reckless, and insincere, and, in fact, altogether unworthy of a man of high character.

That we are not complaining without reason let the concluding passage of Canon Bright's paper show.

Mr. Rivington professes to give us the "verdict of history." Does this phrase come well from one for whom the "verdict" has been dictated before the professed inquiry has commenced?

Does the establishment of a conclusion by one line of proof, we may ask, render it impossible for the same mind to investigate any other line of proof which offers itself? When an astronomer, with his telescope, discovers the existence of a planet in a particular orbit, does his discovery render him unable, without insincerity, to establish its existence there by a mathematical demonstration as well? But our author continues:

And is it usual to give a verdict before the evidence has been judicially summarized?

Father Rivington does, as we have said, both state the evidence and weigh it with judicial care. Yet his critic says:

Of this process there could not be, and there is not, a single trace in our author's volume. His readers soon learn what they have to expect; there is very little relief from the tedious monotony of unproved assumption, unwarranted gloss, and undisguised special pleading. No one will doubt that he has written throughout under a sense of religious obligation.

If the description given of him is correct, surely it is hardly credible that he can have felt anything so sacred as a religious obligation.

But the Roman spirit, when it dominates a writer who is himself a recent proselyte, absorbs all other considerations into the supreme necessity of making out a case for Rome.

If the exigencies of position are thus dominant over human minds, what, one might ask, must be their effect on a writer whose title to retain a rich canonry and professorship depends on his being able to "make out a case" for the Anglican Church? Would it not be better to dispense with addresses to the gallery which can so readily be retorted?

Dr. Bright, however, cannot even rest content with a mere suggestion of these evil motives; he must amplify at great length.

Judging by the work before us, one could imagine that spirit as saying to such a writer, *Hæ tibi erunt artes, Romane*. No facts in regard to Church history can be for you so certain as the view of it imposed on the faithful in the Vatican Decree of Pius IX. You will therefore read that view into all your documents, you will assume it as in possession of the ground, and throw on opponents the task of proving its absence. Whatever seems to make for it, you will amplify; whatever seems to make against it, you will minimize, or explain away, or ignore. . . . Some generally received rules of literary scrupulosity you will leave to men of the world, or to Protestants [such as rich Canons], who have no sacred cause to defend *quocumque modo*. Loyalty to Rome will determine how much of a passage or a sentence should be quoted in the text, or how far the reader is to be enabled by foot-notes to refer to authorities and to judge of your accuracy.

And so on through three distressing pages, towards the end of which the Canon assures us that his "verdict on this bold attempt to Vaticanize antiquity must be given with . . . sincere regret," and that "the thing furthest from the writer's intention would be to do him [Father Rivington] any injustice."

Those who know how grossly untrue is this characterization of Father Rivington's conscientious pages, might perhaps be tempted to ask if in this last-mentioned sentence "sincere" is not an *erratum* for "insincere," and "furthest from" for "nearest to." We do not, however, wish to yield to any such temptations. In preference we would appeal to Lord Halifax and the earnest-minded Anglicans who think with him, to use their endeavours

to stop this kind of writing, at least in writers of the standing of Canon Bright. It can, as we have said, serve no useful purpose, not even that of restraining readers whom Father Rivington's book may have impressed—for these will only be repelled by its unjust violence. The one effect which it can have will be to excite indignation in Catholic readers which only an heroic self-control can restrain from expressing itself in embittered language.

One would prefer to say no more on so unpleasant a topic, but it is a mere matter of duty to call Dr. Bright's attention to some specific instances of an unfairness which leads him into some of the very faults which he imputes to Father Rivington. For instance,¹ he makes great capital of a small error of translation into which Father Rivington fell. The Council of Arles wrote to Pope Sylvester II., saying they had passed a decree "that Easter should be kept by us on the same day and at the same time throughout the world, and that according to custom you (the Bishop of Rome) shall send (*dirigas*) letters to all"—namely, to indicate to all in every place what in each year is the proper day for the celebration. Father Rivington translated the second clause "as thou shalt by letters, according to custom, direct." There is hardly an atom of difference in ultimate meaning between the two renderings, for the manifest object of these periodical circular letters was to "direct," or at all events "to inform," the local Churches what to do. Still, the rendering of *litteras dirigas* by "direct by letters," was wrong, and Father Rivington, as soon as he became aware of the blunder, at once called attention to it in a fly-sheet inserted in the copies of his book still on sale. Yet in face of this Canon Bright must compose a foot-note so constructed that few readers will not be able to gather precisely what Father Rivington has done—but from which most will gather that he has wittingly and knowingly mistranslated a passage in order to gain an apparent argument for Papal supremacy.

There are few who do not blunder occasionally, but one cannot help contrasting Father Rivington's conduct in this instance with Canon Bright's conduct in the case of a much more serious blunder in one of his former works. In his *Waymarks in Church History*,² Canon Bright wrote as follows:

When Mr. Rivington tells us that "nothing more transpired concerning the canon (the twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon) and it was

¹ On p. 65.

² P. 234.

omitted from the authorized collection of canons even in the East," he omits, and it is no small omission—it is a real *suppressio veri*—to say after Hefele that the Greeks did not adhere to the profession made by Anatolius, and that his successors continued to act as Patriarchs under the terms of the new canon, with the full approval of their Emperors, and in despite of the protests of Rome.

Here the charge is that, by the words "nothing more transpired concerning the canon," Father Rivington was suppressing the fact, mentioned by Hefele, that *in after-times* the provisions of the canon were practically maintained, in spite of the Pope, and certainly his words as transcribed by Canon Bright, do suggest such a meaning. But this is because Canon Bright in transcribing left out Father Rivington's limiting clause, "No further appeal to it was made *at that time*," and neglected to state that lower down on the page Father Rivington had said exactly what Hefele says about the persistence of the Easterns in their contention in after-times. *Suppressio veri* is a very serious charge indeed, and should never have been made on the top of so superficial an inspection of an opponent's language. Still, when Dr. Bright's attention was called to this omission of an important qualifying clause (in the Preface to *The Primitive Church and the See of Peter*), one might have imagined that he would at least have shown some anxiety publicly to make an *amende honorable*. Yet not only is there no trace of such an act of justice in the present volume, but he also wrote privately to Father Rivington apologizing for having omitted the clause, but declaring that he must still maintain his charge (of *suppressio veri*) which, apart from the garbled form of the quotation, had no colourable foundation!

Nor has Canon Bright yet learnt the need of apprehending his facts accurately before imputing disgraceful behaviour to others. On p. 5 he has a foot-note about Père Gratry. This anti-opportunist ecclesiastic, as we all know, in a moment of irritation declared that the evidences adduced for Papal Infallibility were "gangrened with fraud," and in thanksgiving for so valuable a controversial weapon Canon Bright had elsewhere called him "a noble and truth-loving priest." But on learning from Father Rivington's concluding paragraph, that this self-same priest had afterwards, like a good Catholic, made his submission to the authority of the Vatican Council, he changes his tone and pronounces that Père Gratry's explanation must have been "hollow, and his submission doubtless obtained under

threat of refusal of sacraments ;" in other words, that he purchased the sacraments on his death-bed by a conscious act of insincerity, as if he deemed sacraments so obtained could help him in his passage to eternity. Had Dr. Bright taken elementary pains to ascertain what was Père Gratry's intellectual position all through, he would have been saved the discredit of making so unjust and cruel a charge against this "noble and truth-loving priest." Père Gratry had from the first believed that infallibility attached to definitions proceeding from Pope and Council combined, and that such definitions were therefore to be preferred to the fallible inferences of his own private judgment. Such a definition of Pope and Council combined was that enunciated in the Vatican Council.

In the very same note, Canon Bright's hot haste precipitates him into another uncalled-for calumny, this time cast at no less a person than Leo XIII., for it is he who must have been responsible for the publication of any authoritative interpretation of the Vatican Decrees twenty years after their issue.

That a certain "historical introduction to the decree" [he writes], designed to reassure certain minds by recognizing the consultative function of the Church as preparatory to a Papal definition, was not published until twenty years later (*W. G. Ward, &c.*, p. 262), is very characteristic of Roman policy.

This means, if it means anything, that the Holy See, taught by hard experience, had some twenty years after the promulgation of a decree supposed to be infallible, endeavoured by the issue of an "historical introduction" to explain away its previously intended meaning. Such an act would doubtless have been an act of insincerity, a playing fast and loose with truth, quite in keeping with the sort of policy which its enemies are fond of imputing to the Holy See. But what are the facts? The "historical introduction" in question is an integral part of the definition itself, promulgated therefore along with it, and as part of it, on June 29th, 1870. The Bull of Definition, *Pastor Æternus*, has four chapters, of which the last relates to Papal Infallibility, and of this fourth chapter the last paragraph is the Definition itself, the preceding the explanatory "historical introduction." All this is quite clearly stated by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, to whom Canon Bright refers.

These are a few instances of an unfairness which could easily be illustrated at still greater length, for it characterizes almost every page of the *Roman See in the Primitive Church*.

Perhaps, however, we may seem to have already occupied too much space with a point of this nature. If this is so, the defence must be, first, that the point is one which has in reality an argumentative significance, since it tends to poison the wells of Catholic defence; and, secondly, that it is of real importance to protest against a specimen of writing so likely to endanger the improved relations between Anglicans and ourselves, for which some just now are so laudably striving.

In turning to the matter of Canon Bright's treatise, we find ourselves in a difficulty. He has a power of condensation, which in itself is a very admirable gift. It has, however, attendant disadvantages, both for his own readers and for those whom he attacks. It has for his own readers, because the mass of readers are not able to understand arguments so condensed, and they will probably rise from the perusal of this volume with a vague impression that Father Rivington has behaved very badly, but with the dimmest notions of what his bad behaviour has been. And for those whom he attacks the disadvantage is of a corresponding nature. Either, in their reply, they must try to adopt the same style, under a similar penalty of failing to be understood, or else they must make a selection, under the penalty of being compelled to leave much peccant matter uncriticized. Of these alternatives we shall select the latter, as on the whole the least unsatisfactory, and we shall confine our attention to two questions, each of which has gathered round it a good deal of polemical discussion—the question of St. Peter's Roman Episcopate, and the question of the Twenty-eighth Canon of Chalcedon.

Canon Bright, as we have seen from the paragraph quoted above, thinks it specially improper "to assume" the Catholic view of history "as in possession of the ground, and throw on opponents the task of proving its absence." We thank him for the suggestion. As a matter of fact this is just what Catholics might do, but do not do nearly enough. They usually undertake to prove a great deal more than they are bound to prove, and, although on the whole they fulfil the undertaking with success, it is undesirable that they should sacrifice in matters of such consequence any canon of proof they are entitled to use. In the law courts the importance of possession, as a presumptive title throwing the burden of proof on the invading party, is fully recognized. It needs therefore to be recognized in history also, whenever history occupies itself with the investigation of rival

claims. It needs to be, and is, under other circumstances, recognized by Anglican as much as by Catholic writers. When ultra-rationalists urge the scant evidence for the existence and recognition of the Gospels in the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic age, Anglicans, in common with ourselves, point to the general and unquestioning acceptance of them in the succeeding centuries. When there is such presumptive evidence of their previous existence, it is contended, the silence or obscure language of the earlier writers is to be interpreted in a favourable sense. Now it is not and cannot be denied that, from the middle of the third century onward until the time of the Protestant revolt, it was accepted everywhere as an undisputed fact that St. Peter not only went to Rome, but founded his episcopate there, with the result that all who afterwards sat in the Roman See, were St. Peter's successors in it. When, then, in comparatively modern times, the attack was opened upon a title which was at least a presumptive title founded on an immemorial and peaceful possession, it was for the attacking party to assume the *onus probandi*. It was essential for them to show by conclusive proofs that the testimonies furnished by the first two centuries are absolutely incompatible with a Roman Episcopate of St. Peter. It was sufficient for Catholic writers, if they could show that these early testimonies, even supposing that they do not of themselves *necessarily* point to such an episcopate, are nevertheless susceptible of a sound interpretation in support of it.

Applying this rule of recognized validity, we very soon find that Father Rivington has gone beyond, but that Canon Bright has fallen very far short of, the necessities of their respective positions. For instance, Father Rivington has pointed to the lists of Papal succession given by St. Irenæus and Tertullian, together with the one which Eusebius, as he shows, probably derived from Hegesippus. These all speak of the Roman Episcopate as having sprung in some way either from St. Peter, or from St. Peter and his fellow Apostle, St. Paul. These lists differ, indeed, among themselves in their modes of expression, but Father Rivington had no difficulty in showing that the different modes of expression are all consistent with the belief of later generations, which saw in the two Apostles men who had together founded the Roman Church in the sense of constituting it by their teaching and ministrations, but in St. Peter alone the founder of its permanent episcopal and world-wide jurisdiction. Nor has Canon Bright been able to

contest this explanation, except on grounds which convict him of an entire ignorance of what we mean by St. Peter's Roman Episcopate.¹ No one ever supposes that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome in the sense of making Rome his exclusive, or perhaps even permanent, residence. He was an Apostle as well as the Church's visible Head, and his Apostolate required him to pass from place to place like his brother Apostles, founding or confirming the several local Churches. How much or how little of his ministerial labours were given to the Imperial city we have no means of determining, but it was enough to constitute his Roman Episcopate that he should fix on this city as that in whose succession of Bishops his prerogative of universal jurisdiction should descend. Be it remembered, too, that there is a difference between the title of St. Peter to this jurisdiction and the title of his successors to the same. St. Peter, according to Catholic doctrine, held the Primacy—or Supremacy, if Canon Bright prefers the term—because he was St. Peter, not because he was Bishop of Rome. His successors have all held the Primacy, because they are Bishops of Rome, the city of St. Peter's selection.

With this reasoning of Father Rivington's in support of a "presumption" which is on his side, compare the reasoning by which Canon Bright seeks to dispossess the "presumption" that lies against him. Since he denies that St. Peter was ever Bishop of Rome, he is bound to furnish *certain* proof that the unquestioning belief (since the third century) in such an episcopate is traceable to some other source. Yet in place of this required certainty, he can only offer us a string of conjectures. Very significant are the "cans" and the "mights" and the "woulds" which in the following extract we have made bold to italicize.

As to the Petrine Episcopate, we *can* easily understand that, apart from the Ebionitish Pseudo-Clementine literature in its developed forms, some earlier form of the story about Peter and Clement *might*

¹ Canon Bright says: "It is no use for Roman arguers to say that, even if St. Peter were not actually Bishop of Rome, its Bishops could still inherit his peculiar prerogatives. . . . For the very core and essence of their present claim is to be *really* his successors, to hold prerogatives attached to their see by him as not only its establisher, but its occupant." (p. 20.) But in spite of this very positive assertion, the "very core and essence" of our present (and past) claim is as stated in the text. The language of early writers may indeed imply that St. Peter's occupancy went beyond what was essential, but it would be sufficient for us if his occupancy had been limited to the act of taking over the see as that in which his prerogative should descend. Dr. Bright's duty is therefore to *demonstrate* that St. Peter did not even do this much.

have reached the West in the latter part of the second century, and two lines of feeling *would* popularize it at Rome. Peter, as "the first" Apostle, and the converter of the "Roman sojourners" at the great Pentecost, *would* be thought of as in his own person *the* appropriate organizer of the "first" in importance among Christian Churches; and the name of Clement *would* loom much larger in the view of Roman Church-people than that of Linus or Anencletus; hence a welcome *would* be given to the account (*however* obtained) which brought Peter and Clement close together, as the consecrator and the consecrated. From this point it *would* be a short step to make St. Peter actually the first Roman Bishop.¹

The unsatisfactoriness of so hypothetical an argument seems to have been not altogether unfelt by its author, and accordingly in a foot-note he tries to render it a little more absolute by a reference to the judgment of other writers. Dr. Salmon (he tells us) says (as though it were an established fact) that "the real inventor of the story of St. Peter's Roman episcopate *was* an editor of the Clementine Romance;" and Bishop Moorhouse (he likewise tells us) has spoken to the same effect and with the same confidence. Unfortunately Canon Bright forgets to mention that he himself does not share the view of his distinguished colleagues. He said as much in the article in the *Church Quarterly Review*—which was the earlier unrevised form of the paper we are criticizing—and, though he now discards the words in which he made the admission, that he has not changed his mind is apparent to any discerning scrutinizer of his text as it now stands. If, too, the reader will turn to Father Rivington's book, he will see the reason of the Canon's dissentience. For Father Rivington has simply knocked the bottom out of this Clementine theory by showing that the Clementine Romance did not reach Rome till a date when confessedly belief in the Roman Episcopate was already thoroughly established. Hence Canon Bright has been reduced to the necessity of resting all on a brand-new hypothesis of his own, for which there is no documentary support whatever. "Some earlier form of the story about Peter and Clement *might* have reached the West in the latter part of the second century." Surely a *ridiculus mus* to linger on as the sole surviving issue of Dr. Salmon's imposing theory!

To come now to the twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon. This is the canon passed under somewhat irregular circum-

¹ P. 13.

stances—when the business for which the Council had been called was concluded, and the majority of its members had gone away—which assumed, in contravention of the Nicene settlement, to exalt the see of Constantinople over those of Alexandria and Antioch. The Papal Legates, according to Aetius, the Archdeacon of Constantinople, when informed by him of the proposal to raise this question, and invited to participate, had replied that they had no instructions from Pope Leo to permit of their so doing, and they accordingly were absent when the canon was discussed and passed. At the next sitting they recorded their protest against what had occurred, saying that their instructions were to oppose all such attempts to disturb the Nicene settlement. Between these successive statements of the Legates about their instructions Dr. Bright finds a contradiction, on the strength of which he does not hesitate to charge them with falsehood. "Their former reply, then," he says, "was a falsehood which had served its purpose." But surely, had he been less dominated by prejudice, he could have discovered no inconsistency in instructions which said, (1) Do not co-operate in any attempt to disturb the Nicene settlement; (2) but, if others attempt to disturb it, oppose them strenuously.

On the complaint of the Legates being recorded, the Imperial Commissaries asked to have read the documentary grounds on which both sides relied. The Legates based their resistance on the sixth canon of Nicæa, which was accordingly read, and is given, as they read it, both in Latin and in Greek in the reports of the *Acta*. The other side did not deny that the Nicene canon was against them, but claimed that it had already been superseded, in regard to the point raised, by the third canon of Constantinople (381). The canons of this Council were not recognized by the Legates, who observed that they were not among the "synodical canons;" but the tenor of the canon in question was, that the Bishop of Constantinople was to have the primacy of honour (*πρεσβεία τῆς τιμῆς*) after the Roman Bishop, since it was new Rome. Such being the case for Constantinople, it was natural that Aetius should read this canon of Constantinople, which he did—or rather he had it read by the secretary of the Council.¹

¹ It is obviously of no consequence that the secretary read it for Aetius, rather than Aetius for himself, but it is necessary to state the fact, in self-protection against Canon Bright's hypercriticism. He writes magisterially for Father Rivington's wholesome correction: "It was not Aetius (who read), but Constantine, an Imperial secretary, to whom Aetius had handed the codex." Dr. Bright does not recognize the principle: *Qui facit per alium facit per se*.

But he also read, or had read, the Nicene canon which the Legates had read, and in one particular there was a difference between his text and that of the Legates. The Legates' text commenced with a clause: "The Bishop of Rome always had the primacy" (*πρωτεία* not *πρεσβεία*). This clause was not in the text supplied by Aetius. The difference has been frequently commented on by Anglican controversialists, who see in it a signal illustration of Roman tampering with authoritative documents, and take the reading of the other text by Aetius to have been intended as a severe though silent rebuff for the Legates. Father Rivington called attention to the groundless character of this notion, and Dr. Bright is very irate in consequence. Father Rivington pointed out that in any case no objection could have been taken to the clause in question, since the new canon itself proceeded on the truth of what it stated, and the Commissaries, in their summing up at the end of the sitting, actually reproduced its language: "From what has been advanced on both sides we conclude that in accordance with the canons, the primacy (*πρωτεία*) and the chief honour is preserved to the God-beloved Archbishop of old Rome," &c. But he also suggested that possibly the Easterns did not even read, or have read, any text of their own of the Nicene canon, but accepted that of the Legates; and he indicated some grounds for such an hypothesis. Canon Bright brings nothing whatever against the rest of Father Rivington's argument on this point except a little invertebrate talk, but with this suggestion, that the Eastern text may never have been read at all, he is very displeased. Scornfully he italicizes the word "supposed" in Father Rivington's sentence ("Aetius is then *supposed* to have read a *slightly different* version of the same canon"), intending of course to suggest what is false, that Father Rivington gave no grounds for his suggestion,¹ and that it was perfectly arbitrary, like his own about an earlier version of the Clementine Romance which came to Rome just in the nick of time to suit his theory.

¹ Canon Bright has an additional note on the question of the genuineness or spuriousness of the clause in the text of the Legate about the Primacy. We need not discuss that point here, for what we are concerned with is not whether the clause is intrusive or not, but whether it was excepted against as fraudulent at Chalcedon. The conclusion to which the transactions at Chalcedon point, is that whether the clause was inserted at Nicea or not, at any rate it stated a truth which both sides at Chalcedon fully recognized.

The Legates sent in their report to St. Leo, and the upholders of the canon also sent him an account of the proceedings, asking him at the same time to confirm their action. This letter from the Council to the Pope is remarkable by reason of its manifold recognition of Papal Supremacy. Referring to the doctrinal questions which had arisen, they speak of St. Leo as "having been appointed the interpreter of the voice of Blessed Peter," through whom the truth confided to the Apostles had been brought down to their age; they tell him that through his Legates he "had been presiding over them as the head over the members;" they speak of Dioscorus as "having been deprived of his dignity (as Patriarch of Alexandria) by your Holiness;" and they find the climax of that prelate's offences in the audacity which had led him, "the wild beast who had broken into the vineyard," to think of "excommunicating him to whom the care of the vine has been confided by the Saviour." Then, turning to the question of the twenty-eighth canon, they say they have passed it, "in the confidence that, shining himself in the light of Apostolic radiance, he was accustomed, in his constant care for the Church of Constantinople, to extend this radiance likewise to it, seeing that he could afford, without envy, to communicate his own blessings to his kindred;" and, again, "that they had acted in the knowledge that whatever is becoming in the children, redounds to (the honour of) the parents," consistently with which feeling they call him "most holy Father."

The obvious sense of these expressions is in striking support of the Papal claims, and, as coming from the authors of the twenty-eighth canon, is a clear proof that by it they had no intention to dispute the claims which St. Leo made on behalf of his own See. How then does Canon Bright deal with a letter of such crucial importance? The course he takes is very characteristic. "Now, first," he says, "the canon must be taken in its grammatical sense, and not explained away on the score of any expression in the letter."

That our contention explains away the language of the canon is pure assumption. That the canon is not as clearly orthodox in its language as it might be is not denied, and, considering the irregular manner of its passing, is intelligible. But it is susceptible of an orthodox meaning, which is in no violation of the rules of grammar. Even Canon Bright is forced to admit that in according "equal privileges" (*πρεσβεία*) to the

see of Constantinople, the enactors were not presuming to claim for their see an actual equality with Rome, or more than the next rank after Rome. A writer too who is so fond, so rightly fond, of scrutinizing the precise force of words and constructions should have noticed in the canon the contrast between ἀποδεδώκασι and ἀπένειμαν, a contrast which surely involves that in the case of Rome claims had been recognized and conferred, whereas in the case of Constantinople they were to be conferred, not recognized. Nor does the reference of the Roman prerogative to the sovereignty of the city necessarily mean more than that the Imperial city had been selected as the actual seat of the highest authority in the Church, whatever that might be.

On the other hand, Canon Bright's dealing with the phraseology of the letter to St. Leo can only be called explaining it away. He says the Pope is recognized as "having held the place of interpreting the words of Blessed Peter" (this is his translation of τῆς τοῦ μακαρίου Πέτρου φωνῆς ἐρμηνεύς καθιστάμενος) merely "inasmuch as they had accepted his Tome expressly on the ground that it truly represented the purport of St. Matt. xvi. 16." But the citation of St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, shows that what the writers have in view is the preservation of the truth through a line of authoritative teachers, and the reference to "the blessedness of Peter's faith" (which is not in the Greek text) must be understood in the same sense.

He says they call the Pope the "head," and themselves the "members," merely because, through his representatives, he had presided over the Council. But the words are too strong to mean so little. Dr. Bright considers Hosius to have presided at Nicæa in his own quality, and not as the representative of St. Sylvester. Yet would he not be astonished to find the Fathers of Nicæa calling Hosius their head and themselves the members? Clearly what the Fathers of Chalcedon mean is, not that St. Leo was the head because he had been the president, but that he had been the president because he was their head. The clause of the letter in which Dioscorus is spoken of as "deprived of his dignity by your Holiness," Dr. Bright passes over without notice, and this is the more remarkable, as he had previously laid stress on the exclamations of certain Fathers as proof that they held this judicial act to have been the act of the Council, not the Pope; or at least only of the Pope

in so far as he was one of the constituent members of the Council.¹

The Council say that to St. Leo "the guardianship of the vine had been committed by the Saviour," and the context speaks of the Church as the vine—Dioscorus being the wild beast that had assailed it. But Dr. Bright thinks this means very little. The Council, he says, claimed themselves to have "received power to root up and to plant," and they could only have meant that St. Leo, as Bishop of Rome, had this power in a more conspicuous, not in a unique, sense. Of course they had their part in the guardianship. Still every unprejudiced person must feel, as he reads the letter, that they do intend to ascribe a guardianship in some unique sense to St. Leo, and the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which we hold now and profess to find in these documents of the fifth century, readily explains how a unique guardianship in the Pope can consist with a subordinate guardianship in the Council. Of the other above-quoted expressions in the Council's letter to the Pope, our opponent takes no notice.

Even if Dr. Bright's exposition of these phrases in the letter were in themselves more tenable than they are, there is the further consideration that they are not, whilst our exposition is, in harmony with St. Leo's own letters to the Council. Dr. Bright holds the theory, now so much insisted upon by Anglican writers, that the Popes themselves did claim, or at least were trying to establish, a universal jurisdiction, but that the Church, especially the Eastern Church, gave no encouragement to their aspiration. As St. Leo had unquestionably assumed himself to have such a jurisdiction, in his letters written to the Fathers assembled at Chalcedon, and as his Legates had likewise asserted this claim in many ways during

¹ Of course there is no inconsistency in the judgment on Dioscorus being attributed now to the Pope, now to the Council. The Pope had enjoined that Dioscorus should be judged by the Council, and deprived by the Legates in his name, if found obstinate. The Council had thus their part in the judgment. Dr. Bright's difficulty in twisting the dealings with Dioscorus into agreement with his theory is very noticeable. The Legates on their arrival declared that by St. Leo's orders Dioscorus must not take part in the proceedings of the Council, but be judged for his conduct at the *Latrocinium*. He was accordingly removed from the seat otherwise belonging to him as second Bishop in Christendom, and was made to sit in the middle. This Dr. Bright calls "a compromise," insinuating thereby that St. Leo's authority was not recognized. Dr. Bright apparently considers that, as long as a man is present in court, it is of minor consequence whether he finds his place on the bench or in the dock.

the sessions, the Council's letter which we are considering is just one of those test documents by which we naturally judge of their attitude to the claim. Viewed in this light we must say that either by their language to St. Leo the Council show their acceptance of his claim, or else they behaved in a manner the most senseless and suicidal, using language which he could appeal to as an indication of acquiescence, just when, if they were refusing to acquiesce, it was their clear duty and policy to protest.

Here we leave the subject, though with regret, for, as we have said, Dr. Bright's criticism breaks down in the same hopeless manner elsewhere, as it does on the two points which have been examined. There is, however, one very simple method by which those who desire can, without much need of further assistance, judge for themselves whether what we say is not correct. As long as Dr. Bright's volume alone is perused, it may seem to some as if he made out a very plausible case, although its precise nature will not be very clearly apprehended. But if, after listening to Dr. Bright, the reader will turn for himself to Father Rivington's pages, he will be surprised to find how unfairly the latter has been treated ; how often he has been accused of suppressing what he has conscientiously allowed, of assuming what he has carefully discussed, of making statements which he has carefully avoided. It is the more disappointing too that Dr. Bright should have chosen this course, since with his great powers and his intimate knowledge of the subject, he might have furnished us with a really helpful book. As it is, he has given us only a tissue of expressions of animosity.

S. F. S.

Aspects of the Renaissance.

II.—SAVONAROLA, HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

WHEN the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks dispersed the arts and sciences of antiquity throughout Europe, Italy was the first to welcome them in the great, influential families of the Borgia, the Farnesi, and the Medici. Thus, the Renaissance of art and letters may be said to have originated in that country; and nowhere is the complex nature of the movement more apparent than at the Papal Court, and in the semi-regal atmosphere of the Florentine Republic. It is to be regretted that feuds and cabals, violence and disorders of every kind, should have raised a mist of prejudice around the persons of the Popes at this important period, making it almost impossible to find a coherent reading to a page of history, which is crowded with conflicting evidence in every line. Whatever else the age of the Renaissance may be, it is undoubtedly an age of fierce quarrels, of gross calumnies, of virulent abuse, and none have suffered more than the Roman Pontiffs from the lowered tone of morality then prevalent.

Dante, who had always been beloved of the Florentines, and whose influence had become even more considerable since the invention of printing, and the consequent circulation of books, had not scrupled, though a sincere Catholic, to submit the temporal government of the Popes to a severe scrutiny, and was never accused of a want of fidelity to the Holy See. But now, there was more than ever to criticize, and happy were they who knew how to distinguish between the errors of the Pope, and the inherent virtues of the Papacy. For it was a time when, in the words of Cardinal Baronius, it seemed as though Christ were asleep in Peter's boat. The result of the recent researches into the archives of the Vatican, and given to the world in Dr. Ludwig Pastor's third volume of his *History of the Popes*, makes it for evermore impossible to exculpate

Alexander VI. from most of the charges brought against him. The picture presented to us would be unmitigated in its horror, were it not for the overwhelming certainty that, even here, the invisible Pilot is guiding the barque through the stagnant waters and noisome vapours, as surely as He has ever done when a worthier helmsman has stood at the prow. But as, according to the words of a modern writer, "we are bound to be just, even to a Borgia," something must be said of Alexander's better self. He possessed royal qualities: magnanimity, untiring energy, capacity for government, and profound knowledge of men and things. The fact that he administered justice to poor and rich alike, endeared him to the people of Rome. Much of the obloquy attaching to his name originated in the political jealousy which existed between Rome and Florence. Alexander VI. represented the monarchical system, in opposition to the republican, which Florence prized so highly, and civic pride had almost as much to do with the Florentine attitude towards the Pope, as anything morally oblique in his character. He stood on a pinnacle overshadowing Florence, and this alone was sufficient to attract the lightning. But apart from Rome's pre-eminence, the two cities were rivals, and there was a sting in the homage which Florence owed.

The Renaissance ushered in the era of the individual. In the middle ages, institutions were the background into which the individual almost disappeared. Popes, kings, nobles, men of letters, merchants, artisans, were all so many component parts of vast and important systems, and only a few names such as Boniface VIII., Charlemagne, Alfred, Dante, Chaucer, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, stand out in relief in the course of centuries, by the sheer force of their dominant personality. Henceforth, however, none but the mediocre escaped notice. It was the opportunity for innovators of every description, and for those also to distinguish themselves who were opposed to the innovations. Every one was heard in turn, if he were but a span greater than his fellows. Rome and Florence were at the very heart of the movement, and Florence serves our purpose as a starting-point even better than Rome. The great commercial family of the Medici, destined to be first the benefactors, then the tyrants of the city, became illustrious in the person of Cosmo. They had amassed great wealth, and occupied a position unique in any city and any age; for they were princes and rulers, and yet private people with all the

prestige and none of the obligations of royalty. They were diplomatists, patrons of art and learning, and their palace was a Court which was the centre of the world's great republic of letters. They were not more powerful than they were crafty and cunning, cruel and unprincipled. They seemed alternately noble and base, and while they spent lavishly they were intensely greedy. The exquisite cultivation of their tastes and manners was only equalled by their corrupt morals. Cosmo, appearing to be merely a retired citizen, ruled Florence with a rod of iron. None could withstand his influence or equal his capacity for government, and when he left the city for a time, and went to Venice, where he lived with great magnificence and state, it was observed that he had taken Florence away with him, and a deputation was sent to bring him back. The secret of this immense power lies in the fact that the Medici were pre-eminently men of their time, men of the Renaissance. Their genius responded to the new demands of the age; they fostered the revival of learning, strengthening their own position by encouraging talent of every kind. If they were responsible for the return of heathen immoralities, they also built churches and monasteries, and founded libraries. They were extremely hospitable, keeping open house, and giving a public entertainment every day. Lorenzo sat at the head of the table, and the first comer sat next to him, without regard to rank. Michelangelo was seen there more often than any one else. The Palazzo Medici, now called Palazzo Riccardi, was the home of all that was good and all that was evil. Here minds were sharpened to their finest points, vice and virtue sat side by side, having nothing in common but culture and brilliant accomplishments. Lorenzo the Magnificent, Cosmo's grandson, encouraged all the worst tendencies of the age and multiplied iniquities. His deeds of blood and rapine underlie all the wit, vivacity, and learning of his quasi-court; but not Lorenzo alone, statesmen, nobles, people, all were corrupt to the core. The city was one continued scene of revelry, dissipation, and vice. Artists divided their time between work and amusement; but ambition was never lost sight of, for the Florentines had always been more difficult to please in matters of art than any other public body. They still remembered how that Donatello, who had migrated to Padua, where he was overwhelmed with flattery, had returned to his native city, because his fellow-citizens always found something to blame in his works, and their criticism spurred

him on to renewed efforts, by which he obtained still greater perfection.

Into this Florence, which has been not inappropriately described as the modern Athens, came Fra Girolamo Savonarola, burning with zeal, worn with fasting, vigils, and tears, a strong, strange personality as much in character with his surroundings as St. John the Baptist at the Court of Herod. A stern opponent of the Renaissance, he became its noblest victim. This celebrated Dominican, who, with Erasmus of Rotterdam, is regarded by many Protestants as the *enfant terrible* of the Catholic Church, was born at Ferrara in 1452. His parents intended him for a physician, but the writings of St. Thomas of Aquin turned his thoughts into another direction. From his childhood, he displayed deep piety, and would pass hours in church or absorbed in studying the Scriptures. The altar-steps were often found wet with his tears. He devoured the writings of the ancients, composed verses, and studied drawing and music. He allowed himself no recreation, save that of playing sad music on his lute. For a moment, his destiny seemed to hang in the balance. The great Florentine family of the Strozzi lived at that time exiled at Ferrara, and the young Girolamo saw and loved a daughter of that proud line, and sought her hand in marriage. He received the haughty reply that no Strozzi might stoop to an alliance with a Savonarola, and once and for ever his hope and belief in earthly happiness were crushed.

Henceforth, religion was to fill his whole soul. His daily prayer was: "Lord, make known to me the path my soul should tread," and in 1474 he heard a sermon at Faenza, preached by an Augustinian friar, which decided his vocation to a religious life. He broke the news to his mother in a sad tune on his lute, without daring once to raise his eyes to hers. The next day he fled from home and went to Bologna, where he obtained admittance into a house of the Dominicans, expressing his wish to become the convent drudge, for he had come to do penance for his sins, and not merely to change from an Aristotle of the world to an Aristotle of the cloister. When he arrived in Florence for the first time he had already been for seven years at Bologna, during part of which period he had filled the office of novice-master. To the Florentines of the Renaissance, clad in soft raiment and living delicately, he seemed like one risen from a tomb.

His Superiors found it necessary to restrain his zeal for mortifications; his life was a perpetual fast. His bed was a grating with a sack of straw upon it, and one blanket for a covering. It was observed, that in modesty, humility, and obedience he surpassed all his brethren. But his preaching was a failure, for although the extent and depth of his learning were apparent, his rough, unmodulated voice, his ungraceful action and uncultivated manner, disgusted his audience, comprised of the most fastidious critics in Europe. Before his course of sermons was ended, his hearers had dwindled to twenty uneducated citizens.

In 1481, his Superiors sent him to preach in his native Ferrara. Here he lived dead to the world, saw little of his family, and spent his days in prayer. Still, his sermons made no impression, and there was little indication in him of the future orator, whose eloquence was to sway the wills of his adopted people, as none have swayed them before or since. But his personal influence was exercised on all who came in contact with him. Thus, travelling one day up the River Po, from Ferrara to Mantua, he observed a group of eighteen soldiers, gambling, swearing and blaspheming, undeterred by his presence, and at first unmoved by his reprimands. At last, however, eleven of them fell on their knees, confessed their sins, and craved absolution.

At Reggio d'Emilia, whither Savonarola was sent to represent his convent at a Provincial Chapter, he first met the celebrated Pico della Mirandola, who was admitted by the Dominicans to their Sessions on account of his learning and virtues. His gentle and graceful manners, genial and happy temperament and somewhat superficial attainments, were a distinct contrast to Savonarola's sombre, studious habits, and uncultivated speech; but the two became intimate friends. Pico has been credited with knowing no fewer than twenty-two different languages and literatures, but our feeling of awe at these philological exploits is somewhat lessened by the fact that a Jew was able to deceive him with regard to sixty books which he pretended were rare manuscripts written by command of Esdras, and which some one else discovered to be copies of a well-known and much circulated work. Pico's account of Savonarola's conduct at the Dominican Chapter is interesting. He says: "He was suddenly stirred to action when the subject under discussion turned from a purely scholastic question,

during the elaboration of which he had remained silent, absorbed in thought, his cowl drawn over his head, to a matter which lay close to his heart." This was a point of discipline which Savonarola considered important, and starting to his feet he thundered out invective after invective against the corruptions from which the Church was suffering, and against those responsible for them. For the first time his real vocation was revealed to his brethren; and perhaps to himself also it was the decisive moment, in which he received the answer to his prayer for light to see the path in which his soul should tread. We are all familiar with Fra Bartolommeo's portrait of Savonarola, and even once seen, it would be difficult to forget the strong, heavy features, expressing so admirably the nature of the mind within, the dark grey eyes gleaming under thick auburn brows, which are deeply furrowed even in youth, revealing a temperament highly strung and nervous; the swarthy complexion, the aquiline nose, the large mouth, and thick, compressed lips, betraying a firmness amounting to obstinacy. His whole body, except for his beautiful hands, is cast in a rough, coarse mould; but at times a singularly sweet and melancholy smile would soften his hard features, and account for the wonderful affection which he inspired.

When he returned to Florence in 1489, recalled by Lorenzo the Magnificent, it was apparent that a remarkable change had come over him. He amazed his quondam critics by the grace and eloquence of his delivery, by the strength and energy of his reasoning, and the persuasive power of his arguments.

Crowds attended his sermons in St. Mark's, and he began a long series of prophecies, threats, and warnings, by the startling announcement that the term of his preaching would be accomplished in eight years. These words, pronounced in 1489, were verified by his death in 1498.

Legends soon began to be circulated about the Frate's visions and trances. Some people regarded him as a saint and a prophet, others saw only in him a visionary, an ignorant fanatic. His system of philosophy has been both admired and ridiculed; it was certainly different to that which had hitherto been taught in the schools, and belongs rather to the new era than to the old; but the attempt which Luther made to claim him as a Protestant Reformer, in sympathy with the new sects, shows a total ignorance of the initial lines of Savonarola's character and teaching. His sermons and spiritual

writings show plainly that he adhered to all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, nor is there in them the least trace of Luther's doctrine of justification by faith without works. He lashed out against the evil times, and spared neither prince nor prelate in his noble indignation, scourging them with his fiery eloquence for pretending to guide men's souls by means of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, while they sacrificed poverty, humility, chastity on the altars of poetry and oratory. It was the voice of the middle ages protesting against the paganism of the Renaissance.

In the primitive Church [he broke out in one of his sermons] the chalices were of wood, the prelates of gold; in these days, the Church has chalices of gold and prelates of wood. They have introduced devilish games among us; they have no belief in God, and jeer at the mysteries of our faith. What dost Thou, O Lord? Why dost Thou slumber? Arise, and come to deliver Thy Church from the hands of the devils, from the hands of tyrants, the hands of iniquitous prelates. Hast Thou forsaken Thy Church? Dost Thou not love her? Is she not dear unto Thee? O Lord, we are become the despised of all nations; the Turks are masters of Constantinople; we have lost Asia, have lost Greece, we already pay tribute to the infidel. O Lord God, Thou hast dealt with us as a wrathful father. Thou hast cast us out from Thy presence. Hasten Thou the chastisement and the scourge, that it may be quickly granted us to return to Thee.

The Convent of St. Mark's restored by Cosmo dei Medici, and endowed by his grandson with a fine library, became a centre of learning and holiness, and Savonarola delighted, if so sombre and melancholy a nature as his could be truly said to delight in anything, in the austere walls embellished by the devout frescoes of Fra Angelico and his pupils, whose memory, together with that of St. Antonine, the saintly Prior and Archbishop of Florence, was still cherished by the brethren.

But outside St. Mark's, there was nothing on which the Friar's eyes could rest with confidence or hope. The scepticism, luxury, and immorality which he saw everywhere around him, haunted his imagination, and made him give vent to those violent denunciations and predictions of woe to Italy, which made him so famous. His vivid imagery attracted the people in such crowds, that soon the Dominican Church could no longer hold them, therefore, in the Lent of 1491, he began to preach in the Duomo. It was inevitable that he should soon offend Lorenzo and his friends. He sought to avoid this by changing the nature of his discourses; but he found that his

gift of preaching left him, unless he followed the path in which he believed that God was leading him. For whole nights he wrestled, lying prone on the floor of his cell. Then, declaring that "all other ways, all doctrines save this one," were denied him, he preached what he himself describes as a "terrific sermon" on his own lines.

Bethink ye well [he concluded], O ye rich, for affliction shall smite you. This city shall no more be called Florence, but a den of thieves, of turpitude and bloodshed. Then shall you all be poverty-stricken, all wretched, and your name, O ye priests, shall be changed into a terror. I sought no longer to speak in Thy name, O Lord, but Thou hast overpowered me. Thy word has become like unto a fire within me, consuming the very marrow of my bones. Therefore am I derided and despised of the people. But I cry unto the Lord, day and night, and I say unto you, know that unheard of times are at hand.

His vehement, threatening, and yet compassionate words, found an echo in the hearts of the populace, who are easily moved by those who take their part against the oppressor, but Savonarola's impetuosity carried him beyond all barriers of prudence. At Easter of the same year, he was invited to preach before the Signory, the chief magistrature of the city, when he gave utterance to these words :

Tyrants are incorrigible, because they are proud, because they love flattery, and because they will not restore ill-gotten gains. They leave all in the hands of bad ministers ; they succumb to flattery ; they hearken not unto the poor, and neither do they condemn the rich. They expect the poor and the peasantry to work for them without reward, or suffer their ministers to expect this ; they corrupt voters, and farm out the taxes to aggravate the burdens of the people. You must therefore remove dissensions, do justice, and exact honesty from all.

Lorenzo naturally writhed under such language, which, he could not but feel, was addressed before all to himself. Savonarola, it must be admitted, treated him with scant courtesy, and when he was elected Prior of St. Mark's, refused to do homage to the Duke for his election, declaring that it was due to God alone. Lorenzo, deeply offended, exclaimed : "You see, a stranger has come into my house, yet he will not stoop to pay me a visit !" He began to send rich gifts to the convent, but this only increased Savonarola's contempt for his character. "A faithful dog," he exclaimed one day in the pulpit, "does not leave off barking because a bone is thrown to him." Soon after

this, a large sum in gold was found in the alms-box; Savonarola, suspecting that it came from the Duke, distributed it among the poor, saying that silver and copper supplied all the needs of the brethren. Undeterred by this ungracious reception of his bounty, Lorenzo charged five of the foremost citizens to interview the Prior of St. Mark's, and induce him to change his attitude and manner of preaching against him. Savonarola's only answer was a message that he should do penance for his sins. "Tell him," he added, as the ambassadors were about to depart, "that I am a stranger here, and he a citizen; I, however, shall remain, and he depart." Lorenzo's days were, in fact, drawing to a close, and his death was a strange, remorseful, perhaps impenitent one. All his life long he had been surrounded by flatterers, and the thought which had been his greatest pride now tortured his last moments; no one had ever dared refuse him anything, and he could not believe that the priest who gave him absolution on his death-bed, would have done so if he had had the courage to refuse it. In the midst of his anguish of mind, it occurred to him that Savonarola might administer relief. "I know no honest friar save this one," he exclaimed, and sent in haste to St. Mark's. When the Prior arrived at Careggi, the beautiful Medicean villa outside Florence, where the Magnificent was struggling with his last agony, the dying man declared that, before making his secret confession, he would make a public one of three sins which lay heavily on his soul. These were: the sack of Volterra, the robbery of a charitable institution for the rescue of young girls, and the bloody vengeance he had taken after the conspiracy of the Pazzi, a noble Florentine family who had resisted his tyranny. Savonarola sought to calm his mind by repeating the words: "God is good—God is merciful," but then, starting up suddenly, he added in a firm voice, "Three things are needful!" "What things, Father?" inquired Lorenzo, and Savonarola's face grew stern, as extending the fingers of his right hand, and appearing to rise above his usual height, he answered: "Firstly, a great and living faith in God's mercy." "I have the fullest faith in it," replied the dying man with apparent meekness. "Secondly, you must restore all your ill-gotten wealth, or at least charge your sons to restore it in your name." At this Lorenzo seemed to be much disturbed; but overcoming a very visible repugnance, he made a sign of assent. "Lastly," added the Friar, impressively, "you must restore

liberty to the people of Florence." At these words, Lorenzo, collecting all his remaining strength, turned his back on him angrily, and Savonarola left his presence without hearing his confession. Soon afterwards the tyrant breathed his last, in agonies of remorse.¹

Piero, the great Medici's son, inherited his father's vices without his strength and brilliancy. He soon alienated the friends of his family, and Savonarola came to be looked upon as the leader of the party opposed to the Medici. The Friar's enemies began to be styled *arrabiati* (enraged ones), and his partisans *piagnoni* (mourners). There was a third party, that of the *palleski*, who adhered to the Medici and who took their name from the balls (*palle*) which formed the Medici arms. These three parties divided Florence between them, and made the city a scene of perpetual strife.

If the sins of the Medici excited Savonarola's indignation, the excesses of the Borgias brought him to the verge of madness. He believed that he saw a black cross rising from the city of Rome, reaching to the sky and extending its arms over the whole earth. Upon it was written, *Cross of the wrath of God*. The sky was black as night; the lightning flashed and thunder rolled terrifically, followed by a storm of wind and hail. From out of the midst of Jerusalem he thought he saw a golden cross, casting its rays over the world, and upon it was written, *Cross of the Mercy of God*.²

By dint of meditating on the Sacred Scriptures, in connection with the actual state of the world, he had come to regard everything that happened as a fulfilment of prophecy. His reverence for the written Word of God was an integral part of his character; he could not speak of it without emotion. His own copies of the Bible are scored with marginal notes and different readings of the text; but it is useful to observe here how opposed was his manner of interpretation to that of Luther and Calvin. In one of his marginal notes these words occur: "It is necessary to be acquainted with languages and history, to have long familiarity with the Bible; it is necessary to be careful not to run counter to reason, nor to the received opinions of the Church and the learned. We must not turn the Bible

¹ Doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of this scene; but having weighed all the evidence, we find no reason for rejecting the story.

² This vision formed the subject of a number of medals struck about this time and after the Friar's death.

to our own ends, for by so doing the human intellect would usurp the place of the Divine Word."

To this principle Savonarola always adhered in matters of faith, discountenancing by anticipation the novelties of private interpretation. Nevertheless, as he became more and more visionary, his fantastic imagination would see mystical signs and portents in the simplest facts of Biblical history. Thus, whatever he discerned of evil threatening the Church or Italy, or the city of Florence itself, he declared the same to be foretold in the Bible. Nothing could exceed his tender devotion to our Lord in His Passion; and in one of his works he gives expression to his ardent longing to become one with Him, in such a manner that he might be fastened to the same Cross, pierced by the same nails, and crowned by the same thorns.

His tract on Mental Prayer has many beautiful passages, as for example the following:

He who prays must address God as though he were in His presence, inasmuch as the Lord is everywhere, in every man, and especially in the soul of the just. Therefore, let us not seek God on earth, nor in Heaven, nor elsewhere; rather let us seek Him in our own heart, like unto the Prophet that saith: "I will hearken unto that which the Lord shall say to me." In prayer, a man may take heed to his words, and this is a wholly material thing; he may take heed to the sense of his words, and this is rather study than prayer; finally, he may fix his thoughts on God, and this is the only true prayer. We must consider neither the words nor the sentences, but lift our soul above self and almost lose self in the thought of God. This state once attained, the believer forgets the world and worldly desires, and has, as it were, a foreshadowing of heavenly bliss. To this height it is as easy for the ignorant as for the learned to rise; indeed, it often comes about that one repeating the Psalms without understanding them, makes a more acceptable prayer than the wise man who can interpret them.

Savonarola virtually ruled Florence from St. Mark's. The whole people were with him, seeing that the greater number of his prophecies had been realized. He had predicted the death of Pope Innocent VIII. and of Lorenzo the Magnificent; and moreover, the evils with which he had threatened the city of Florence were beginning to descend upon it. He had foretold the invasion of Italy by the French; and in the midst of his warnings and denunciations, Charles VIII. had crossed the Alps, at the head of a large army, and occupied the cities of Lombardy. Either Savonarola's more than ordinary shrewdness

and sagacity read the signs of the times in a manner beyond all the foresight of his contemporaries, or he was, as he professed to believe, gifted with prophetic powers. The Prior of St. Mark's was the most popular man in Italy. He had opened his heart to his brethren, and they were nearly to a man on his side in the reforms which he effected in his convent.

The number of his subjects increased so prodigiously in a short time, that the building was too small to contain them, and had to be enlarged. Other communities even asked to be dissolved, that they might be incorporated with St. Mark's. He was made Provincial of Tuscany, and thus obtained a free hand in all his multifarious undertakings. With the exception of the King of Naples, none of the Italian princes were prepared for invasion; and at the first rumour that the French King was marching on Florence, the miserable Piero fled, leaving the city practically in Savonarola's keeping. The people wandered aimlessly about the streets after their ruler's flight, casting covetous glances at the riches around them in the palaces which had been built with the iniquitous taxes with which they had been loaded. They were on the verge of lawlessness, when the great bell of the Duomo boomed out the call to Savonarola's sermon. Like a gigantic wave, the whole population poured into the Cathedral. Never before had so dense a crowd been collected within its spacious walls. Steel armour flashed from under the cloaks of the men; they were so closely packed that none could move, and the preacher looked down upon a solid mass of upturned faces. It was a moment of intense excitement: the stillness was complete, and he held that vast concourse as it were in his hand. A word from Savonarola, and they would have sacked the city. But on this occasion he abstained entirely from politics, and expressed his pity for the people in words of tender affection.

Critical as the event was for Florence, it was far more critical for Savonarola himself, and well had it been for him, if he had never descended from the moral heights he had attained, to mere temporal legislation in the Senator's chair. In becoming the political representative of the people, he abdicated his right to be their spiritual guide, identified himself with their fitful fancies, and ended as the victim of their fickleness. Nevertheless, all he did for the temporal welfare of his fellow-citizens was well done; the republic which he founded showed him to be a born statesman. A Government was formed on the pattern

of the Grand Council of Venice, with some modifications to suit the Florentine temper. A scheme of taxation was invented, which placed the new Government on a solid basis, and law and order prevailed in the city. But there was one flaw in the new *régime*: liberty had indeed been vindicated; the tyrant was a fugitive, the people were free, but they were in danger of making their very freedom a heavier bondage than the oppressor's yoke had been. They exalted liberty to the throne of a deity, and ultimately sacrificed everything, even Savonarola, to maintain it. He could insist on discipline, but he could not implant the love of duty in their hearts, and even while fighting against the spirit of the Renaissance, he was in a measure caught in its toils. All his sermons had henceforth a political tendency; social reform was necessary, but political regeneration was his unceasing theme. His dreams and visions were now kept in the background, and he became the most practical of rulers. Detaching himself from the middle ages, he makes terms with the Renaissance. He is an orator, a politician, a man of brilliant action; not content with pointing heavenward, he seeks to charm away all the suffering of mankind, and to make of the world an El Dorado.

Piero, after his flight from Florence with his friends, surrendered fortress after fortress to the French, and the citizens formally expelled the Medici and deprived them of their citizenship. Savonarola preached that Lent on the Flood, and likened it to the punishment now pouring in upon Italy for its crimes, its faithlessness, its disregard of the warning voice. But when the French army had advanced as far as Pisa, he went out and solemnly conjured the King to spare Florence, and to maintain the cause of justice in Italy. The Friar's exhortation produced the desired effect. Charles, awe-struck, pledged himself solemnly to behave honourably to the Florentines, so that when he entered the city at the head of about twelve thousand soldiers, he was conducted to the palace of the Medici, amid shouts of applause.

He might have carried all before him if he had not exasperated the people by trying to bring Piero back, when a terrible riot took place. It was quelled, partly by Savonarola's strong hand, and partly by the coolness and capacity with which Gino Capponi, one of the syndics, treated with the French King. But his soldiery continued their lawless and insulting behaviour, and the Florentines were on the eve of a fresh revolt, when

Savonarola induced Charles to proceed on his journey. When he at last left, it was found that he had pillaged the palace in which he had been hospitably entertained. The people were, however, so rejoiced to be rid of their guests that no one mourned over the loss of the costly, antique gems and other treasures which the French had carried off. After an easy conquest of Naples, Charles VIII. returned to France; but the French had made themselves obnoxious everywhere in Italy, and a coalition consisting of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain, was formed against him. He had literally to cut his way back to France with a small remnant of his army. Florence flew to arms at his approach, hearing that Piero was in his camp. All once more turned to Savonarola as to a deliverer. He adopted as before, a stern, resolute tone towards the King, and as before, Charles was overawed and consented to retire. A pitched battle took place between him and the allies, he won a contested victory, and re-crossed the Alps. But Piero prepared to attack Florence, and Savonarola urged the citizens from the pulpit to defend their city. At his instigation a price was set on the head of the Medici. These regrettable acts, exaggerated perhaps by the Friar's enemies in Rome, induced the Pope to require his presence, in virtue of his vow of obedience, without delay, in order that he might justify his conduct. Savonarola pleaded illness, and abstained from preaching for some time. Two months later, another Papal Brief, addressed this time to the Friars of Santa Croce, designated Savonarola as "a certain Fra Girolamo, a seeker after novelty and disseminator of false doctrine." He sent a detailed reply to the Pope, who in the same Brief had required him to dissolve his congregation, excusing himself from this command, and also from the duty of presenting himself at Rome. The reason he now gave was his fear of becoming a victim to the plots of his enemies. Upon this Alexander VI. addressed another Brief to the Friar, commanding him to abstain from preaching until such time as it was convenient to him to seek the Pope's presence. Savonarola obeyed the letter of the injunction, but caused Fra Domenico, a brother Dominican, who shared his views, to become his mouthpiece, so that although his own lips were closed, his ideas were still promulgated in Florence. Meanwhile the Carnival of 1496 drew near, and the people prepared to celebrate it in the accustomed manner. It was usual, during the rule of the Medici, for the whole city at this time to present

a wild scene of revelry, drunkenness, and excesses of every kind. Barriers were erected in the streets, and none were allowed to pass them without contributing to the night's entertainment by way of toll. After an evening spent in carousing, bonfires were lighted in the squares (*piazze*), and the people danced and sang round them madly, pelting each other with stones in so brutal a fashion, that no year passed without some being left dead on the ground. This practice is called by the chroniclers "the mad and bestial game of stones." It was frequently forbidden, but in vain, and Savonarola, seeing that it would be useless to try to abolish existing customs without substituting something in their place, adopted religious instead of brutal ceremonies. He had small altars set up in the streets instead of barriers, before which stood children begging alms for the poor. Pious hymns took the place of wanton songs, and the game of stones and the gluttonous feasts were abolished. A grand procession was arranged for the last day of the Carnival. Children went through the city, knocking at all the doors, and asking for the "Anathema," that is, all objects of vanity, immoral books and pictures, ornaments for personal adornment, unhallowed superfluities of every kind. These then formed part of the procession to the Piazza della Signoria, were gathered into a pyramid and burnt, while the people danced round the bonfire, loudly proclaiming Christ as King of Florence.

Much has been said about Savonarola's vandalism in art, and doubtless, together with the real "Anathema," many priceless masterpieces were sacrificed unnecessarily in the general enthusiasm. But the action proceeded from a mind thoroughly imbued with Christian principles. To enforce these, he met the Florentines of the Renaissance on their own grounds, and pointed out how that even pagan philosophers had demonstrated the pernicious effect of sensual images on the minds of the young. Then, passing on to the pure atmosphere of Christianity, he describes what must have been the appearance and dress of the Blessed Virgin, clad modestly, *come una poverella*, whose face was scarcely ever seen; and he compared this picture with the meretricious paintings of the Madonna then in vogue, the models for which being often women of notoriously bad character. He not only decreed the destruction of all such profane portraits, but went to the very root of the matter, and sought to emancipate the imagination of his Florentines from the anti-Christian ideas which made these things possible.

Over and above the principle involved, Savonarola had a natural and very distinct love of the beautiful, and knew how to attract such painters as Baccio della Porta, more famous under the name of Fra Bartolommeo. Lorenzo di Credi and others of his school were so much influenced by Savonarola's ideas, that they threw into the flames with their own hands those of their paintings which they had learned from him to consider unworthy of Christian art.

His efforts to reform Church music were of a like nature, and met with the same results.

At this time, devotion to the Friar had reached a pitch of enthusiasm beyond which it was not possible to advance. He was in bad odour at Rome for his contumacy in disregarding the Pope's summons, and although there was as yet no diminution of the favour in which he was held by the majority of the Florentines; the next step was to be a step downwards. The Council of Ten, urged by the *piagnoni*, had asked and obtained permission for Savonarola to preach the Lenten sermons of 1497, but the *arrabiati* laid a trap for him, and succeeded in bringing about his fall. Words expressed in his first sermon, perfectly orthodox in themselves, and in accordance with principles laid down by St. Thomas of Aquin, were yet of a kind that by a few slight verbal alterations might easily be made to appear heretical, and the opportunity was not lost by the Friar's enemies. They so represented this sermon to the Pope, repeatedly urging him to proceed to strong measures, that they at last succeeded in wringing from him a Brief of excommunication against Savonarola. It was read in the principal churches of Florence by torchlight, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, amid the solemn tolling of bells. At the concluding words, the torches were extinguished, and each church was plunged in silence and gloom. The Convent of St. Mark's was mobbed by the *arrabiati*, but the Friar's friends rallied round him, and supported him in his protest against what he perhaps not unjustly termed "surreptitious excommunication."

Granted, however, that his enemies had obtained it on false grounds, his conduct towards Alexander VI. had been such, that he could not reasonably complain of any want of forbearance on the part of the Pope; and in spite of his formal declaration, that he considered the excommunication null and void, for three months Savonarola tacitly acknowledged its binding force, by refraining from the exercise of every eccle-

siastical function. But at Christmas, he cast off all restraint said his three Masses, gave Communion to the entire community and to a vast number of the laity, and led his brethren in solemn procession round the Piazza of St. Mark's.

After this, little persuasion was necessary to induce him to resume his sermons.

It is impossible for us to sympathize with Savonarola's attitude at this juncture. His writings, indeed, show him to be a faithful son of the Church, and his acts may appear to some to be justified by the quibble of surreptitious excommunication, but they have nevertheless furnished a useful handle to heretics for claiming fellowship with him. His cause is a high one, but not the highest. He is for the two vows of Religion, with the obedience left out. In studying his character at this period, it seems as though the moment had come to him when, according to the rules of St. Ignatius for the discernment of spirits, the soul "makes various resolves and plans which are not immediately inspired by God our Lord," and he does not appear to have examined them thoroughly before carrying them into effect. He proved himself indeed ready to die for justice, but he could not perceive that obedience was better than sacrifices. And it is perhaps in this absence of the spirit of submission that he chiefly belongs to the Renaissance. The single combatant is generally a "free lance," a characteristic of the new era, in contrast to the organized bodies of the middle ages.

Moreover, although it may be maintained with perfect accuracy, that his quarrel was with Alexander VI. personally, and that he was far from anticipating Luther's notions on the subject of the Papacy, the whole world has witnessed his want of submission, and but very few have cared to study the grounds of his opposition or to seek an explanation of his conduct. That it had nothing whatever to do with unorthodox views or opinions about Papal authority, is clear from a number of his writings. The following passage taken at hazard from his *Triumph of the Cross*, is one of many which plainly indicate the integrity of his faith on this as on all other subjects.

Commenting on the words, "Thou art Peter," &c., he says :

Nor can these words apply to Peter alone, for inasmuch as God has promised that the Church shall endure to the end of the world, so they must be held to apply to Peter and the successors of Peter. Wherefore, it is manifest that all the faithful should be united under the Pope as

the Supreme Head of the Roman Church, the mother of all other Churches; and that whoever departs from the unity and doctrines of the Roman Church unquestionably departs from Christ.

And again :

All that the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church has decided, and all that she may decide in future time, we must accept; and all that she despises, or may hereafter despise and condemn, we must reject; for in any doubt, she is the one whom we consult as our first principle, as the infallible rule which God has established for the good of our soul.

Savonarola being thus acquitted of all heretical taint, we must look elsewhere for the explanation of his contumacy. It sprang from a variety of causes, the very uprightness of his intentions proving a snare to him. He had done a great work for Florence; compared with that of Rome, the moral and social condition of the city was now, thanks to his personal influence, almost an ideal one. His conscience accused him of no divergence from Catholic truth; if he was condemned, it was owing to those who, loving darkness rather than light, had misrepresented him to the Pope. If, therefore, his excommunication was invalid, he committed no sin in disregarding it; he even went a step further and doubted whether a Pontiff so averse to reforms were indeed the regularly elected successor of St. Peter or no. He even agitated for the assembling of a General Council, to inquire into this matter, but the letter which he wrote to Charles VIII. urging the consideration upon him, was intercepted and sent to Rome.

For nearly a year, the Republic of Florence carried on an energetic correspondence with the Holy See in his defence, but the city was henceforth divided, one-half remaining faithful to Savonarola, the other half restrained by the fear of excommunication from having any intercourse with him. For some cause or other, he had lost his hold on the people; perhaps even while urging him to disobedience, they despised him for yielding to them, and those who admire him most can only wish that, rightly or wrongly condemned, he had bowed his head in submission. Even his friends lost their enthusiasm for him; there was no longer any magic in his name. The Signory forbade him to preach, for the Pope had threatened, that unless the Florentines ceased to encourage him, their city should be placed under an interdict. Attacks were made upon

him from several pulpits at once, and a Franciscan, preaching in the Church of Santa Croce, challenged him to prove the truth of his doctrines by a miracle. Upon this, Fra Domenico, Savonarola's staunch friend and supporter, declared that he would go through fire for him. His enemies took up the suggestion, pressed the matter, and enlisted the Signory in favour of an ordeal by fire. If he were burnt, so much the better; if he refused the test, he would lose all credit with his followers.

Meanwhile, all would probably have been well, if Savonarola would have obeyed the Pope's reiterated command that he should justify his behaviour in a personal interview with him; even those biographers of the Friar who seek to enhance his virtues by hurling every kind of vituperation against Alexander VI., are bound to admit that the Pope's forbearance was indeed great. To condone the Friar's contumacy any further would have been an unparalleled weakness, and Villari¹ has no grounds whatever for asserting that Alexander would have made short work of him if he had obeyed the summons. This theory is a gratuitous injustice towards the Pope, whose dealings with Savonarola were all through marked with singular mildness.

Delay after delay ensued, there was no question of the Friar's submission, but the Signory debated seriously whether he should not be sent a prisoner to Rome. At last, however, a day was fixed for the ordeal. Having said Mass at St. Mark's, the Friars Girolamo and Domenico set forth, arrayed in copes, and preceded by a crucifix borne aloft at the head of a procession, and walked solemnly towards the Piazza della Signoria, where a platform had been erected. Savonarola carried the Blessed Sacrament, which he afterwards deposited on a small altar in one of the *loggie*. The place was thronged with spectators, every coign of vantage was occupied, and the line of intrepid and curious burghers on the roofs showed black against the sky. The platform was piled with bundles of wood covered with earth and bricks. Wood, gunpowder, pitch, and resin, stacked in two banks, formed a sort of grove to allow of the passage of the rival champions. All was ready, and the friars had only to come forth when the torch would be laid to the pile. Whoever came out of the fire unharmed would be pronounced victorious. Up to this moment, Savonarola had temporized, while the Franciscans had urged him to accept the

¹ *Life and Times of Savonarola*, vol. ii.

challenge. Fra Domenico had been eager for the test to be applied ; but now the Franciscans hesitated and made difficulties. They insisted on Fra Domenico changing clothes with another friar, lest his own should be enchanted ; they objected to his carrying the crucifix with him, and when Savonarola announced his intention of bearing the Blessed Sacrament through the fire, they attempted to lay violent hands on him. A tumult arose, and in the midst of it a thunder-storm came on with torrents of rain. It was clear then that no fire could be lighted. The people's indignation passed all bounds ; they had come to see a spectacle, and there was to be no tragedy after all that day. It was spread about that Savonarola had refused the ordeal, and the whole city rang with threats and denunciations. The Dominicans had great difficulty in regaining their convent, although they were escorted by a troop of soldiery. The days that followed witnessed scenes of violence and brutality which exceeded all that had been hitherto known in the history of Florence. The friars barricaded themselves in St. Mark's, and endured a veritable siege. Both sides fought with fury, but Savonarola took no active part in the fray. He remained praying in the church, with a few whom he had persuaded to accompany him, while the others with breastplates over their white habits, helmets on their heads, and brandishing enormous halberds, rushed about the cloisters with shouts of "Viva Cristo," calling their brethren to arms. Day and night fighting went on ; the smoke penetrated into the church and became suffocating ; flames were at last seen enveloping the doors. The dying meanwhile were confessed and communicated on the steps of the altar. When the church doors were burnt, the *arrabiati* poured into the building with the officers of the Signory. Savonarola had taken refuge with Fra Domenico in the library, and here the two were arrested, led down into the cloisters, and thence into the Piazza.

Those who had once hung on their leader's lips, fascinated by his eloquence, now surged threateningly about him. They would have torn him limb from limb, if he had not been strongly guarded. They kicked him, seized his fingers and twisted them till they almost broke ; they singed him with their torches, and assailed him with horrid words of insult and ferocity till the prison doors closed behind him.

When some degree of order was re-established in the city, the arms found in St. Mark's were collected and carried through

the streets. "Behold the miracles of St. Mark's, behold the miracles of the Friar," shouted the people, "and the tokens of his love for Florentines." Meanwhile, Savonarola in prison was put to the torture. Weak and extremely nervous, he soon began to rave; his replies lost all coherence; little could be extracted from him, and his friends declared that little to be falsified. He said and unsaid, affirmed and denied his visions and prophecies. Fra Domenico, courageous to the end, stoutly defended his friend, and declared his firm belief in Savonarola's gift of prophecy. Then arrived the Papal Commissioners appointed to bring the trial to a close. During the whole sequence of Savonarola's contumacy, fall, and trial, the Pope's attitude towards him had been unvarying in its patience. Only let him humble himself and all should be forgiven; only let Savonarola acknowledge him as a father and he should be to him as a dear son. But now his disobedience was aggravated by fresh proofs of his efforts to bring about a General Council; moreover, the Signory were determined not to give up their prey, and all Florence resounded with the popular cry of "Death to the Friar!"

Together with Savonarola two others were to suffer—the faithful Domenico and Fra Silvestro, as prominent by his timidity and vacillation as Domenico by his ardour. According to the sentence they were to be first hanged, then cast into the flames. Domenico expressed a wish to be burned alive, till reproved for his presumption by Savonarola, who declared that it was not for them to choose what death they would die.

After saying Mass and giving Communion to his two companions, on Ascension Day, May 23, 1498, Fra Girolamo made his profession of faith, and was led to the scaffold. A long platform had been erected on the Piazza della Signoria, a man's height from the ground. A stout beam stood upright at one end, with another nailed across it near the top. Three halters and three chains hung from it; the first to hang the friars, the second to keep their corpses suspended over the flames in which they were to be consumed. The crowd expressed nothing but fierce joy and brutal callousness, as the condemned, stripped of their religious habits, came forth in their woollen tunics, barefooted, and with their hands bound. They were then solemnly degraded, and delivered over to the executioners. With great calmness they mounted the scaffold and prepared to die. A certain priest named Nerotto asked of

Savonarola, "In what spirit dost thou bear this martyrdom?" and he answered briefly, "The Lord has suffered so much for me." He then kissed the crucifix, and was silent to the end.

Fra Domenico died enthusiastically, as he had lived. He wished to intone the *Te Deum* in a loud voice, but he was persuaded to refrain, and to recite it with his friends in a whisper. His last words proclaimed his faith in Savonarola. The death of Fra Silvestro took place as he pronounced the words, *In manus tuas, Domine*. The pile was already lighted and burning, before the executioner had descended the ladder to apply the torch, for with frenzied haste, a man had detached himself from the crowd and set fire to it, exclaiming exultingly, "At last I can burn the Friar who would have liked to burn me!"

One of the most painful circumstances of Savonarola's death is his abandonment by the people for whom he had sacrificed everything. His first error had consisted in pandering to one of the main principles of the Renaissance, the deification of liberty. It had led him to defy the supreme authority on earth, and as an immediate consequence, to lose his hold on those for whose sake he had transgressed. That he was in good faith, is clear from the fact that he called upon God to send him to Hell if he should ask to be absolved from his excommunication, and this at a time when the Pope declared that he would not only pardon him, but permit him to preach, if he would but ask for absolution, since for his own part he did not condemn the Friar's doctrine, but only his continuing to preach while still unabsolved, and of calumniating his person and disregarding his censure.

By his faith, his austerity of life, and piety, Savonarola belongs to the middle ages; by his impatience of all obstacles in his way to a chosen end, by his enthusiasm for the worldly enfranchisement of the human race, his high-handed intolerance of abuses—devils which are only cast out by long years of humble prayer and the fasting of a quiet spirit—he is a true child of the Renaissance. But if the Lord was not in the tempest, in the fiery words of denunciation and frenzied warning, at least He may have been in the upright intention of His servant, and in his ignominious end.

Savonarola's entire works were subjected to a severe scrutiny by Pope Paul IV. in 1558. His *Dialogue on Prophetic Truth*, and fifteen of his sermons, were alone condemned, and all the

rest allowed to circulate freely. Julius II. allowed Raphael to place his portrait in one of the *stanze* of the Vatican among the most illustrious Doctors of the Church, in the famous *Dispute on the Blessed Sacrament*.

Benedict XIV. is said to have judged him worthy of canonization. In the course of the sixteenth century his innocence was considered to be established, and an examination into the grounds of his sentence resulted in his rehabilitation. This took place on the occasion of the beatification of Caterina de' Ricci, who was accused of having frequently implored Savonarola's intercession. During the whole time of the inquiry, St. Philip Neri, who kept the great Dominican's portrait encircled with a nimbus in his room, prayed "with a fervour amounting to anguish, that this immortal champion of the Christian faith might not be subjected to further condemnation." When the news was brought to him that Fra Girolamo's character would be vindicated, he could scarce restrain his transports of joy. Bronze medals, and portraits of the Friar, were allowed to be freely circulated in Rome, with inscriptions which styled him Doctor and Martyr. When an attempt was made, in 1868, to claim him as one of the precursors of the Reformation, by placing his statue on the Luther memorial at Worms, an indignant protest in defence of his Catholicity appeared in a pamphlet written by a French Dominican, Père Rouard, and this did much to reveal his true character to the world. The pamphlet was translated into Italian, and republished in the *Rivista Universale Annali Cattolici*.¹

It is impossible to imagine Savonarola apart from the circumstances which moulded his character and shaped his actions. He is one of the great phenomena of the Renaissance. The savour of his personal sanctity remains in the Church which he desired above all things to serve, but the mistakes into which his zeal and political ardour led him, are buried in the century which called them forth.

J. M. STONE.

¹ Vol. vi. See also an able defence of the Friar, entitled, *Savonarola and the Reformation*, by the Very Rev. J. Procter, O.P. Catholic Truth Society, 1895.

The Manitoba School Question.

THE crisis into which the Dominion of Canada has been thrown by the action of the Manitoba Government in regard to the Education Question had, up to the sensational sitting of the Canadian Parliament for a hundred and twenty-nine hours at the beginning of last month, failed to attract in this country the attention which its importance deserved. This may be due in part, perhaps, to the sensational events elsewhere, which have lately been monopolizing the attention of the Colonial Office and of the Press. But without in any way attempting to minimize the importance of the Transvaal crisis and of the Matabele revolt, I cannot help thinking that that other crisis—political, constitutional, racial, and in addition religious—which has so deeply shaken the harmonious relations which used to exist between Protestants and Catholics, and between English and French in British North America, is fraught with more dangers to the internal peace and to the integrity of the Empire than the raid which ended at Krugersdorp or the isolating of Bulawayo by Matabele impis.

An attack has been made upon the spirit of general compromise and of tolerance which is the fundamental principle of the Canadian Confederation, and which alone has rendered possible the formation, and alone renders possible the continued existence of that homogeneous Dominion of which the whole Empire is proud. The manner in which the proposal of the Dominion Government to issue a remedial order against the provincial legislation, and the Bill to give effect to that order, have been received in the Canadian House of Commons; the passions which have been roused all over the Dominion; the deadlock which has finally resulted, and which, by rendering impossible the passing of the remedial Bill before the General Election, has thrown the Confederation into a campaign of racial and religious fanaticism such as it has never experienced before, ought to be sufficient to show the nature of the dangers

which overhang Canada, and to claim the anxious attention of all those who have at heart the welfare of the Empire.

As a Canadian, with over twenty years' experience of Canadian life, English and French, I may be permitted perhaps at this juncture to place before the readers of this Review a statement of the facts of the case.

The whole question resolves itself into a question of constitutional right and of policy. I do not intend to enter here into the consideration of the respective merits and demerits of Denominationalism and Undenominationalism in Education, and with many others I hold that there is no ground for the discussion of this matter in connection with the Manitoba School difficulty.

A situation has been created which has to be faced. Let us examine the facts of that situation and see for ourselves that the Dominion Government, in upholding Denominationalism in Manitoba against the wishes of the majority of the electors, is not fostering a system of education which may or may not be the best, but is simply upholding the authority of the Constitution—which has recognized that system, apart from its intrinsic value, as the one best suited to the peculiar exigencies of the country—and is, at the same time, endeavouring to save the Dominion from the consequences of the rash act of a Province which has set up the satisfaction of its own local views against the general interest of the country and against the harmonious co-operation of the Provinces in the recognition of the Confederation as the personification of the mother-country of all Canadians, and in the working of that Confederation for the greater benefit of all, be they English or French, be they Protestant, Catholic, or Freethinkers.

Canada, it must not be forgotten, is not a homogeneous country. It is a country which was originally French and which became English by conquest and subsequent immigration. Two distinct races, the English and the French, and two distinct religions, the Protestant and the Catholic, have to live there side by side—whether in peace or at war depends sometimes upon very little. Some people seem to imagine that the French and Catholic population of Canada is a transient factor in the political and social life of the country, which is bound to disappear with time and to become merged into the English element. And this seems to have been the governing idea of the powers that be in Manitoba. But an unprejudiced and cool

consideration of the facts would, I think, lead to other conclusions. A French population of, in round figures, 1,500,000, out of a total population of a little more than four and a half millions, is something which must be reckoned with; and if one takes the trouble to remember that this population has evolved itself in less than one hundred and fifty years out of the barely 65,000 French subjects who remained in Canada after the conquest, and does not include those who have been emigrating to the United States, where they are now as numerous, one may perhaps be excused for holding that this population does not exactly possess the characteristics of transient factors. But putting aside the question of race, we find that the Catholics—French and other—whose conscientious objections to the undenominational system of education are well known, make up as nearly as possible two millions of the total population of the Dominion, and are by far the largest of the religious denominations of the country.

It was with a view to prevent as much as possible the question of race and religion from becoming a burning one that the authors of the British North America Act and the fathers of the Confederation left to each Province the right to settle its own Education questions, at the same time providing for the establishment of denominational schools as the system more likely to meet with general approval, and to afford less opportunities of discord and disagreement between Protestants and Catholics, and also taking such means as seemed to them necessary for preventing interference with the acquired rights of denominational schools, as evidenced by sub-sections 1 and 3 of section 93 of the British North America Act. The first of those sub-sections makes it illegal for a Provincial Parliament to interfere with the rights and privileges of denominational schools which are established by law in the Province at the time of entrance into the Confederation, and when those rights have been acquired under provincial legislation passed after the Province has become part of the Dominion, sub-section 3 gives to the aggrieved parties a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council against the objectionable legislation.

Manitoba, when becoming a part of the Dominion, accepted as a part of its constitution those provisions of the British North America Act. Denominational schools were established, or more correctly a law was passed regulating those which were

already in existence, and things went on on the lines of denominational education, each party controlling its own schools under the guidance of the Board of Education. But when the English and Protestant element in Manitoba became as predominant as the French and Catholic is in Quebec, they began to raise objections to the denominational system. Of course, so long as the present majority were in a minority, so long even as both parties were of about equal strength, the English and Protestant side had nothing to say against denominational education. The fact is not disputed, that from 1871, the date of the first Education Act passed by the Manitoba Legislature after the incorporation of the Province into the Dominion, to 1890, all the educational legislature of the Provincial Parliament tended to the maintenance of equality between Protestant and Catholic schools on the denominational basis. In 1890, however, the Protestant population of Manitoba had risen in numbers to 132,000, whilst the Catholic population stood at about 20,000. The majority, forgetting the tolerance and fair treatment which had been shown to them when they were a helpless minority, forgetting also the liberty which their co-religionists were enjoying in French and Catholic Quebec, thought of nothing better than abolishing, in the name of progress and liberty, the educational system which had been especially selected by the founders of the Confederation for the protection of the rights of minorities.

Nobody would have quarrelled with the Manitoba Legislature if they had simply proceeded to improve the then existing system in its purely educational direction without interfering with the fundamental principle upon which it was based, viz., liberty for Protestants and Catholics alike to control their own schools as their conscience dictates. But the majority were obviously not satisfied with controlling their own schools, they must also control Catholic and French schools. They knew the Catholic objection to undenominational schools, and the care which the Constitution had taken to respect that objection. But now that Catholics were in a helpless minority, what did it matter? They knew that, by a provision of the Constitution which they had accepted, French was, along with English, the official language of the Province, and that the teaching of both languages was obligatory in the schools. Yet by the Ordinance of 1892, the teaching in all the schools of the Province was to be in English with *optional* French. For the sake of progress

and enlightenment, I dare say, and also, perhaps, to show a desire not to crush a minority.

In 1890, two Acts were passed by the Manitoba Legislature which were the cause of all subsequent trouble and against which the Governor-General in Council issued the remedial order which has brought things to a crisis. One of these created a Department of Education and an Advisory Board.

The Board was to consist of seven members, four of whom were to be appointed by the Department of Education, two to be elected by the public and high school teachers of the Province, and one to be appointed by the University Council. The Advisory Board were empowered, among other things, to authorize text-books for the use of pupils and to prescribe the form of religious exercises to be used in schools. The other Act, which was termed "The Public School Act," established a system of public education entirely "non-sectarian," no religious exercises being allowed except those conducted according to the regulations of the Advisory Board. The Act came into force on May 1, 1890.

The effect of this legislation was to abolish the School Board which was divided into two sections, one Protestant and one Catholic, each having the control of and being responsible for the schools of its own denomination; to bring all districts, whether Protestant or Catholic, under one jurisdiction; to enforce upon all children, whether Catholic or Protestant, the compulsory use of one set of books, viz., that selected by the Advisory Board; and to deprive of participation in the School Grant, to which they contribute their share as taxpayers, that part of the population who object from conscientious motives to what they term "Godless education."

Before proceeding further, allow me to put forward a hypothesis which may enable an English and Protestant reader to understand better the grievance of the Catholics of Manitoba and of the Catholic population of the Dominion who sympathize with them. Suppose the Legislature of Quebec, in which Province the French and Catholic element is to the English and Protestant in the same ratio as the English and Protestant is to the French and Catholic in Manitoba, viz., seven to one, were to-morrow to pass an Act similar to the Manitoba School Act. Suppose the dual School Board, having control each of the schools of its own denomination, were to be abolished and the control of education given to an Advisory Board of seven members, as in Manitoba, four of whom to be appointed by the

Government—in the hands of the French and Catholic—two to be elected by the teachers—mostly French and Catholic—and one to be appointed by the Council of Laval University—French and Catholic. Suppose the compulsory uniformity of text-books were decreed and the choice of them left to a Board so composed, as is the case in Manitoba. Suppose the teaching of school subjects were to be made compulsory in French, by Government ordinance, and that English ceased to be along with French the official language. Would not the English minority in Quebec have a genuine grievance to which the people of this country could not remain indifferent? Would not the fact that the schools were to be professedly unsectarian be regarded as a sham? Would it not be pointed out that the unsectarianism of people who could pass such legislation could not possibly be genuine; that whatever they professed to do, the majority could not help being Catholic, prejudiced against views and tenets not Catholic, and favouring even unintentionally the dissemination of Catholic doctrines and of Catholic views? And even granting that the unsectarianism were genuine, would not there still be the other cry that the scheme was intended to swamp the English minority into the French majority, to Frenchify altogether the Province, that racial prejudice and hatred, if not religious hatred and prejudice, were at the bottom of the scheme, were the real reason for bringing it forward.

Under the circumstances, would an Englishman or a Protestant be found to hold that the English in Quebec would not be justified in agitating against the adoption of the scheme and in opposing tooth and nail its application when adopted, and that the English throughout the Dominion would be only fanatical meddlers to interfere on behalf of their co-religionists and compatriots?

Well, let the reader himself make the transposition. Instead of Quebec, let him read Manitoba; instead of French and English, English and French; instead of Catholics and Protestants, Protestants and Catholics. He may then be able to understand.

Minorities are minorities, and if they have rights, as is acknowledged they have, I fail to see why the rights of a Catholic minority are less worthy of respect than the rights of a Protestant minority; why it is a crime to crush down an English minority if it is not equally a crime to crush down a French minority.

In regard to the struggle which was made by the Catholics of Manitoba against legislation which was so opposed to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, I will not enter into all the legal questions which were raised before the Courts of Manitoba, the Courts of the Dominion, the Canadian Privy Council, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council here, sitting as a final Court of Appeal. I shall refer only to the decision of the latter body, composed of the then Lord Chancellor (Lord Herschell), Lord Watson, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Shand, on the 29th of January, 1895, in the case of Brophy and others *v.* the Attorney-General of Manitoba.¹ Before doing this, however, it may be necessary to refer to another decision of the Judicial Committee on the same matter.

The Manitoba Act of 1870, which incorporates Manitoba as a province of the Dominion, contains² provisions absolutely identical to those which we have seen were included in section 93 of the British North America Act. In the case of Barrett *v.* the City of Winnipeg, decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1892,³ the question of the constitutionality of the Manitoba Education Acts of 1890, under sub-section 1 of section 93 of the British North America Act and sub-section 1 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act, was discussed. If there were *schools established by law* in Manitoba before the entrance of the Province into the Confederation, the Acts of 1890 were *ultra vires* and unconstitutional. The Judicial Committee (Lord Watson, Lord Macnaghten, Lord Morris, Lord Hannen, Sir Richard Couch, and Lord Shand) came to the conclusion that the legal rights and privileges of the Catholics of Manitoba previous to 1870 were not so distinct and defined as to bring them under the terms of the sub-section above-mentioned. In Brophy and others *v.* the Attorney-General of Manitoba, the question at issue was whether the judgment of the Privy Council in Barrett's case barred the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba to relief under sub-section 3. The Privy Council held that the remedies given by sub-section 1 and by sub-section 3 were two different and distinct remedies, and that the second was not a corollary of, or dependent upon the first, or simply an alternative means of proceeding. Their lordships held further that the Catholics of Manitoba had post-Union

¹ Law Reports, 1895, Appeal Cases, p. 50.

² Section 22, sub-sections 1 and 3.

³ Law Reports, 1892, Appeal Cases, p. 445.

rights and privileges conferred by law in Education matters, as was evident from the Manitoba Education Act of 1871 and the amending Act of 1881, and that they were therefore entitled to an appeal to the Governor General in Council under sub-section 3, and to a remedial order against the Acts of 1890 as prejudicially affecting their legal rights and privileges in relation to Education. The following is the text of part of their lordships' elaborate judgment, giving their conclusions.

Their lordships were of opinion [said the Lord Chancellor, who read the judgment of the Court], that the appeal to the Governor General in Council was admissible by virtue of that enactment, on the grounds set forth in the memorials and petitions, inasmuch as the Acts of 1890 affected rights or privileges of the Roman Catholic minority in relation to education within the meaning of that sub-section. The further question was submitted whether the Governor General in Council had power to make the declarations or remedial orders asked for in the memorials or petitions, or had any other jurisdiction in the premises. Their lordships had decided that the Governor General in Council had jurisdiction, and that the appeal was well founded, but the particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it had been committed by the statute. It was not for their lordships to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character was sufficiently defined by the third sub-section of section 22 of the Manitoba Act.

After this, the Governor General in Council had no option but to issue the remedial order, which was done on the 18th of March, 1895.

This order declares that the Provincial Legislature, by Acts passed in May, 1890, has deprived the Catholic minority of the following rights and privileges: (*a*) The right to build, maintain, equip, manage, conduct, and support Catholic schools in the manner provided for by the statutes which were repealed by the two Acts of 1890; (*b*) the right to share proportionately in any grant made out of public funds for purposes of education; and (*c*) the right of exemption of such Catholics as contribute to Catholic schools from all payment or contribution to the support of any other schools.

The Governor General in Council declares and decides that it seems requisite that the system of education embodied in the two Acts of 1890 aforesaid shall be supplemented by a provincial Act, or Acts, which will restore to the Catholic minority the rights and privileges of which such minority was deprived, and which will modify the Acts of 1890 so far, and so far only, as may be necessary to give effect to provisions restoring the rights and privileges in paragraphs (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*).

As the *Times* pointed out in commenting upon the order when it was issued :

The Dominion Government, presided over by a Past Grand Master of the Orange Order, a man whose whole career is associated with the sternest Protestantism, has decided to grant a remedial order, declaring that the two Acts of 1890 have deprived the religious minority of Manitoba of certain rights and privileges, and that it seems requisite that the system of education embodied in the two Acts should be supplemented by a provincial Act, which shall restore to the Catholics of the Province the rights and privileges of which they have been deprived. It is not unlikely that the struggle will be fought rather on a Catholic *versus* Protestant than on a federal *versus* provincial ground. Had it fallen to the lot of Sir John Thompson as a Catholic to make the order for which Sir Mackenzie Bowell has accepted the responsibility, religious fanaticism would probably have been even more deeply stirred. As it is, the Protestant opposition in the Province of Ontario appears to have been strong enough to upset the calculations of the Ministry as to the more opportune moment for dissolution.

We have heard frequently of the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of the French Canadians. The French Canadians are by no means a perfect race, but it cannot be urged against them that they have ever raised a quarrel of race and religion so deliberately and so wantonly as the English and Protestant majority of Manitoba have done. It is only fair to the French Canadian and Roman Catholic population of the Dominion to remember that in the present crisis it is the English and Protestants who are the aggressors, and that the aggression is so unwarranted that a Privy Council, English and Protestant, and a Canadian Federal Ministry, almost exclusively English and Protestant, have condemned it. If bitter consequences follow, let the blame be put on the right heads. If the French Canadians retaliate where they are able to do so, let us not forget that the quarrel has been forced upon them by the unscrupulous crushing in another part of the country of their compatriots and co-religionists, whose only crime was that they were a helpless minority.

I have no space and no desire to discuss here Dominion politics in connection with the Manitoba School Question. But let me point out one result which might follow from repeated disregards by English majorities of French minority rights. The French Canadians have no party of their own at Ottawa, and this is a proof of their natural unwillingness to

raise racial questions. The representatives of the Province of Quebec in the Commons of Canada are either Liberals or Conservatives. If a little more of the spirit displayed by the population of Manitoba becomes apparent, the result will be that the French of Quebec will join hands with the French scattered throughout the remainder of Canada, and that a compact French Catholic party will be formed at Ottawa. The French Canadians will do that only if they are driven to it, and if they think it necessary for the defence of their race and religion; but when once it is done, those whose inconsiderate action and utterances were the cause of it may get more than they bargained for. The representation of Quebec in the Dominion Parliament is fixed by the Constitution at 65, and the representation of the other Provinces at a number to be ascertained which shall hold to the population of the particular province the relation which 65 holds to the population of Quebec for the time being. A compact party of 65 at least, in a Chamber of, as a rule, 215 members—may be seeking to make all legislation impossible in their attempt to prevent what they deem to be objectionable legislation—would be a rather formidable factor to reckon with, as I need not remind those who have not forgotten Irish obstruction and the days of the late Mr. Parnell.

J. G. COLCLOUGH.

North Country Rambles.

II.—ROUND ABOUT AN OLD HALL.

HOWEVER fruitful be the district open to him, there are things which a naturalist cannot properly observe except at home, where they are constantly under his eye and he can give them the attention they require. He is lucky, therefore, if his dwelling should happen to be pitched where opportunities of the kind I mean are sure to present themselves.

In this respect I am not unfortunate, for my present habitation is in many particulars excellently suited for my purposes. This is an old-fashioned Yorkshire Hall, standing back some hundred and fifty yards from a high-road not overstocked with traffic, with the remains of walled gardens and orchards about it, and a few fine trees that tell of the days when it was a gentleman's seat, as do likewise a handsome stone summer-house, little injured by time, and still more the coat-of-arms of the ancient owners cut in stone above the principal doorway. Like so many other buildings of the kind, this is now used as a farm-house, at least part of it serves that purpose, and the rest accommodates another tenant, who just now is myself. The entrance-hall—which belongs to the farmer—has been a fine chamber in its day, but now it is a mere shell, used only for lumber, and the windows, blocked up to escape the old window-tax, have never been re-opened. On the main staircase some good oak is still to be seen, and in an upper room are some large pieces of tapestry, considerably faded, but otherwise in good preservation, which sometimes attract visitors. Close to the house is a long, low, half-timbered building, known as the barracks, in which the servants and retainers of the family used to lodge, and under its flooring a few old coins have been found.

Close by runs a fairly-sized "beck," full enough after rain, though it gets very low in summer. On the rising ground at the other side, and a little way off, is a "lodge," or pool of

water, fed by a brook, which used to drive the wheel of an abandoned mill, and now instead, by means of a turbine, supplies power for a saw-mill, where work is done for the neighbouring farmers.

Of the better trees still remaining, the most notable are some fine horse-chestnuts, but the great gale of Christmas, 1894, brought down a couple of noble beeches, standing near the beck, one of them containing three hundred feet of timber, and it is something to remember how the earth heaved and worked around them in their last struggle, while the roots cracked and parted underneath. There is besides a little wood at one corner of the house, large enough to hold a small rookery, which also grows wild daffodils in spring-time.

It will easily be understood from this short description, that in many ways such a situation is very favourable for observation. An old-fashioned garden is sure to afford spots where some of the rarer and more interesting plants of the district will flourish, and I successfully cultivate the royal fern, the oak-fern, the beech-fern, the bladder-fern, and other such, so as to be able to watch them without journeying to their native habitats. Sometimes a brood of young curlews, or birds of that sort, shy and hard to observe, become semi-domesticated in the same enclosure.

For the entomologist such a garden is very valuable. On the old walls grow masses of old ivy, and when this is in bloom and the weather is hot, there cannot be a better hunting-ground for the *lepidoptera* (moth tribe) and *hymenoptera* (bee and wasp tribe). During the extraordinary spell of warm weather at the end of last September, one had only to go out with a lantern late in the evening, and pick off what specimens he desired from the crowd of insects he found gorging themselves on the honey of the blossoms, which being somewhat intoxicated were easy to secure. Sunflowers also make a good trap for insects, and I always take care to plant a lot. A butterfly that gets in amongst them will not be in a hurry to leave such comfortable quarters, but will go round and round from one to another for a fortnight on end, so that it is possible to make his personal acquaintance and note the behaviour of the same individual day after day.

A point which cannot fail to be remarked is the way in which the creatures about us come, in like manner, to know individually those in proximity to whom they dwell. I will

not say that my friends the butterflies recognized me as I did them—though that is quite possible—but certainly the rooks, whom I have already mentioned, know all of us about the place. The farm hands, the men that work the saw-mill, and the rest, may walk about singly or in a body beneath the nesting trees without exciting any attention, but let a stranger join the party and at once there is a commotion; the old birds are up in the air, out of reach, above the tree-tops, cawing with all their might. Similarly I have known a curious circumstance about gulls. In a district not far off, where they breed, they were in the habit of following the plough so closely and in such numbers, that the ploughman looking back could not see his own furrow, to judge whether it was straight. A person came from a distance to procure specimens of the lesser black-backed gull, of which there were many among the flock, and immediately the birds were off, safe out of shot, and, do what he would, he could not get near them. The farmer, however, to whom he confided his trouble, showed him what to do. Taking off his coat he joined a party sent with a cart to spread manure, and thus disguised was able at his leisure to pick off the birds that he preferred.

More trustful even than the rooks were a pair of swallows—barn swallows—who for six seasons in succession built their nest inside the shed where the carpenters work, quite regardless of the circular saw and its machinery, and of all the din constantly going on, undisturbed by which the hen sat on her eggs, or the pair carried food to their young. There came, however, a terrible spring, with a late spell of cold and storms, which wrought havoc amongst the delicate migrants, the whole swallow tribe in particular suffering fearfully, and it would seem that our two friends were amongst the victims, for since that year there has been no nest in the shed.

The house-martin, too, is plentiful with us, and in the autumn its habits in migration can be well observed, as the old hall with its cornices and string-courses is a favourite meeting-place of the companies preparing to travel southwards. They come in from the country round, about twenty or thirty a day, till I have counted 205 or 206 sitting on their stone perches in the intervals of their exercise. Then the whole party clears off, and another begins to assemble in like manner.

The swifts do not nest on our premises, the roof appears to be too good, not affording them any of those chinks and

crannies which they require. I have seen them looking for such places, and have afterwards made openings for them to use; but they did not do so—seemingly they had gone off disgusted after the first inspection. The swift makes next to no nest, and lays its eggs frequently on a few pieces of lime, or other uncomfortable-looking materials. The nests of this bird which are to be seen in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington are better provided with soft bedding stuff than the generality of those I have observed. Another thing may be remarked about this bird. It is the last of the swallows (if we may call it a swallow) to arrive, not putting in an appearance till May, long before which period its nesting holes have been used for a like purpose by starlings and sparrows. The swifts appear to be willing to allow these intruders a reasonable time to clear out, and for some days leave them unmolested; but when their patience is exhausted, everything is tumbled out, nests, eggs, young birds—whatever it may be. If we did not see it done, we should not have thought that a strong bird like the starling, and a very bold and vigorous bird too, would allow a swift to treat him in this unceremonious fashion; but so it is.

Before leaving the swallows, I may mention what I saw last summer. As is well known, all the tribe are foremost in the good work of mobbing a hawk when he shows himself, flying and screaming around him in such a manner as to let every creature in the neighbourhood know of his presence. On the occasion in question it was a cock sparrow-hawk that was being so insulted, but one of his tormentors, doubtless a young bird, getting in front, he seized the chance, made a dash at it and after a turn or two ran it down, and then, quite regardless of the hubbub the rest were making, carried it off to devour at his ease.

Of the starlings I said something just now. Of course they are amongst the most numerous of our feathered friends, and I have used the opportunity to endeavour to settle the vexed question as to whether they are single or double brooded. When their nesting operations were in full swing, I have caught birds which I knew to be fathers or mothers of families, and daubed their tails with red paint, so that they might easily be known. None of these went in for a second brood. If, however, their first venture be unsuccessful, that is, if the young do not get safely away from the nest, they will undoubtedly try again. Also, I believe, if the number of their eggs be much diminished,

so as to reduce their family to one or two, they are dissatisfied, and, frequently at least, endeavour to obtain better luck a second time.

An interesting bird in regard of its nest is the common brown wren. It is an active, bustling little creature, which must always be doing something, and a pair will always make a couple of nests, and often they seem not to decide till late which of the two is to be used as the "mothering nest." This is lined, the other not. The latter seems to belong especially to the cock, who attends to it while his mate is sitting, and if any mishap should befall the proper family mansion, when the young are able to move, he uses all his influence to transport them to his own structure. I remember a case where the mothering nest was built on to a haystack, which furnished the materials for it, and these were so cleverly used as to make it difficult to detect. The cock nest was against a tree, some little way off, quite different in structure and appearance, being composed of moss and fern. Some men at work about the stack knocked the first down, and the brood were scattered in all directions, but though he had a good deal of difficulty with the lively youngsters, by the end of the day the cock had successfully led the whole lot into their new quarters.

The beck brings its own creatures to be observed. This very spring I have had the chance of watching an otter in it. Dippers are there always, and, in summer, sandpipers. The kingfisher, too, is not an uncommon visitor, and like other creatures, however shy by nature, soon gets to know where he is safe. I have seen one constantly perched on a stump, only a few yards away from the carpenter's shed of which I have spoken, and fishing from it quite at his ease in the water below.

Recently a stoat was reported as swimming about—an unusual thing for such an animal to do—in a pool in the brook which feeds the mill-lodge. He was evidently hunting, and doubtless what he was after was a water-shrew. He might, however, in my opinion, have spared himself the trouble, for a water-shrew was not likely to be caught in the water. This little beast is far more common than is often supposed, and is pretty sure to be seen by any one who will sit quietly beside a brook. It is black, or very dark, and swims and dives with great expertness and at a great rate. When down beneath the surface the air bubbles spangle its coat like silver.

Domestic animals, no less than wild ones, frequently afford interesting observations. Some years ago there was on one of the pastures about the Hall a herd of Irish cattle, fattening for the market. That summer was very hot and dry, and there were a great number of large gad-flies about—"gad-bees," as they are often called—under the influence of which the beasts did some wonderful things. I myself saw one leap through a square hole in the wall that bounded the field, a hole about the size of a railway-carriage window. Still more remarkable was the adventure which befell another. At that time the mill I have mentioned was still in use, although, on account of the drought, it was not actually working. The water that turned the wheel was carried off by a rectangular conduit—a "suff," as it is called in these parts—under the mill-house, and for some way further underground into a deep ditch, down which it ran to the beck. The opening of this conduit at the lower end was twenty-five inches by twenty-three, but some way up the roof rose a little, making the passage more spacious. In the lower portion, however, one of the "through stones" at the top had been broken and one half was depressed, not only obstructing the way, but presenting a sharp, jagged point. Incredible as it might appear, one of the heifers sought shelter here from the stings of the gad-flies, and contrived to creep up the "suff," though in order to do so it must have stretched its legs, before and behind, quite flat. Once in, there was, of course, no going back, and it had to push on, and how tight was the place was sufficiently shown by the fact that the sharp point of stone above described, scored a great gash through the skin all down one flank. Having got past this obstacle the poor beast presently found itself able to get on its feet, and advanced till it reached the wheel, which of course brought it to a full stop. There was a little water trickling through, which it could drink, but no other sustenance. Had the mill been running while it was wedged up in the narrow way, it must have been drowned.

Meanwhile, its disappearance was a mystery. It vanished on the very eve of the fortnightly fair in the neighbouring town at which it was to have been sold, and not till the next fair came round was anything heard of it, the conclusion being at last accepted that it must have been stolen or otherwise spirited away.

The owner of the mill, as became a near neighbour of the

Lancashire witches, was a devout believer in the preternatural and constantly entertained his friends with blood-curdling tales of wizards and "boggarts," and the like. As has been said, he had let the mill stand idle for some time, on account of want of water, but some of the farmers about having sent in malt to be crushed, he went up one morning to see if he could manage the job. As a preliminary he began to oil the machinery, whereupon, hearing a noise, the heifer lowed loudly beneath his feet. Out he scrambled, with all the speed he could make, and running home burst in upon the old housekeeper who kept house for him. "Eh," said he, "I don't know that I've been doing aught wrong, but the old fellow's come for me—I've heard him." "Get away with your nonsense," she replied "You're always talking such stuff." "Nay, but it's true. He gave a great roar. I wonder you didn't hear it too. I daren't go back alone. Come along and see." The pair accordingly proceeded to the spot together, and at the sound of their voices the bellow was repeated even more vigorously, whereupon the disbelief of the old dame was changed to frantic terror—even worse than that of her companion. Fortified by her presence, he at last summoned up courage to investigate the region whence the unearthly sounds seemed to issue, and put in his arm beside the wheel. "Eh, mercy," he cried, "it is Old Scratch, it is indeed—I feel his horns." The next thing, however, that he touched was an ear, and this enlightened him. "Why, I declare, its so-and-so's heifer."

So the mystery was solved, and the poor animal was extricated from its strange quarters, and resumed its fattening operations, and when these were completed it weighed six score per quarter, which shows that it was not altogether a pigmy animal which made so adventurous an expedition. I myself subsequently explored the passage, and took careful note of its features, and I remember in particular that the broken stone bore, as well as the cow's flank, evident traces of the injury it had inflicted.

I may finish with a little bit of tragedy, in which the parts of the slayer and the slain, as represented in the ballad of Cock Robin, were reversed. The redbreast, I must confess, is not a bird that appeals particularly to my sympathies, for, as seems to me, he is rather quarrelsome and ill-tempered than affectionate and confiding. A pair had this spring built their nest close to the saw-pit, and consequently considered that and

all about it their own exclusive property. One day a hedge-sparrow—most harmless and inoffensive of birds—thinking or knowing nothing of this circumstance, approached in quest of food, or perhaps of materials for its own building purposes, when, in a fury of indignation, down came Master Robin and without more ado struck the trespasser dead. One would hardly believe, without seeing, what a formidable weapon is a bird's bill, nor with what effect the bird can use it, or indeed any other arm, when he thinks that his nest is in danger. I have seen a water-hen kill a rabbit with its beak ; and the way that peewits will cuff and buffet an intruder with their wings, be it a pheasant or a sheep, is a sight to see. I have watched a pheasant that was being assaulted in this style, and he crouched down, afraid to stir, not daring to make a run for it to the thicket where he would be safe, for whenever he moved, down swooped the lapwing and delivered another sounding smack.

Such are a few of the notes to be made in such a position as mine. One need never be lonely in the country if he will use his eyes and get interested in the ways of nature around him.

THALMA.

"Pure Literature:"

A POSTSCRIPT TO "PROTESTANT FICTION."

THE affection of the average civilized man for giving advice to others is only less remarkable than his unwillingness to carry his precepts into personal practice. Unlike Chaucer's parson, he is by no means anxious "first to practise it himself." There is no conceivable subject upon which advice is not freely tendered by those who are more or less—especially less—acquainted with it. So obvious a truism needs no demonstration; and literature has long been a favourite matter for the exercise of the advising faculty. There is the Roman *Index*; there are the reviews, from six-shilling quarterlies to penny weeklies; there are the daily papers—all of them more or less pointing out what we should read or avoid. From time to time Messrs. Mudie give a stupid novel a magnificent advertisement by declining to supply it to their customers, and other public purveyors of literature exercise a similar censorship over the books they provide.

The recommendation of books received a vast impetus some years since by the well-meant attempt of Sir John Lubbock to furnish a list of "The Best Hundred Books." To know them was a liberal education; to know any one who knew them all has never fallen to my lot. Thereafter were published numberless lists of the best hundred books on every conceivable subject. Numerous public men were importuned for their views upon Sir John Lubbock's suggested century, and it is needless to say that no two of them agreed; Mr. Ruskin, if I recollect rightly, distinguished himself by scratching out almost all, and substituting *Alice in Wonderland*. I do not think any particular harm was done by these selections; but I doubt whether reading habits were promoted by them. People like to choose their own books. Most printers, for example, are still unacquainted with Oriental literature, as a learned friend of mine pointed out when returning his proofs: "If your printer had been familiar

with the Upanishads," said he, "he would not have made that mistake." You can get a volume of the Upanishads now for sixpence; yet I doubt whether Messrs. G. R. S. Mead and Jagadisha Chandra Chattopâdhyâya, the translators, can flatter themselves that their work has become so far popular as to influence the conduct of printers.

Besides the personally-conducted tours in the land of literature, of which Sir John Lubbock was the pioneer, more than one society has been formed with a view of guiding people, especially young people, among the morasses and precipices which beset the path of the Rambler through these pleasant yet dangerous fields. Catholics have for some time possessed in the St. Anselm's Society a body which periodically issues lists of books suitable for various classes of readers—lists drawn up in no narrow nor exclusive spirit. The recent Reports of a body which undertakes this work on a much more extensive scale have just come into my hands. It was formed in 1854, its original title, "The Society for the Distribution of Pure Literature amongst the People," having been shortened into "The Pure Literature Society." The aim of the Society—"to promote the circulation of pure and healthy literature"—is obviously a good one, and this it endeavours to carry out by various means, the first of which is "the publication of a catalogue of such periodicals, books, prints, diagrams, and other works, as the Committee . . . deem really useful and good." I propose to examine how far the Society has succeeded in its object, and how far its estimate of "pure and healthy literature" is entitled to be received as satisfactory.

Much of course depends upon the constitution of the Committee, and the list of the names of those who form it is imposing. The Lord Kinnaid is President; the Archbishops of Canterbury, Armagh, and Dublin, with the Duke of Argyll, are Vice-Presidents; while the rank and file includes four earls, sixteen bishops, numerous baronets, many reverends, some members of Parliament, officers of the army and navy, and the Lord Chancellor—surely a representative gathering of influential folk, whose collective wisdom should command our respect. It might indeed be objected that the one thing not represented by any of the illustrious persons is literature; but it is obvious that by this means impartiality is secured. Moreover, there are at least two members who have published works, and to these I shall have occasion to refer later on. The entire absence

of women from the executive of a body which aims especially at providing for the literary requirements of the young, is somewhat singular.

Although, as we shall see later, the Pure Literature Society has much to complain of in every class of reading, the "penny dreadful" is singled out for its especial censure. I am not going to enter upon a defence of this kind of literature, but I am very doubtful whether the people who denounce it so furiously know much about it. Some years since I invested half-a-crown in a selection of the most startling "penny bloods" which I could find, and I was surprised at the universal triumph of virtue over vice, which certainly showed an absence of realism. I am ready to allow that the deeds of highwaymen, seriously considered, are not suitable for imitation, and I am not unaware that in other respects the conduct of popular heroes of fiction is open to censure. Yet I am inclined to echo a remark attributed to Lord Rosebery, when, as Chairman of the London County Council, he had to preside at a debate upon certain music-hall songs: "I confess, gentlemen," said he, "to a boundless envy of those who can be so easily amused."

The Pure Literature Society presents us with a series of pictures of the results of this reading which will, I fear, produce on many an effect very different from that which is desired. We are not likely to sympathize with the "publican's son who stole his father's rifle, with which he shot one boy dead and wounded another," but we doubt whether this is fairly to be attributed to his course of reading. In all probability he did not know it was loaded: incidents of this kind are continually appearing in the daily papers, but have no deterrent effect on the next idiot who takes down a gun to play with.

But it is impossible to read without sympathy—I too have been in Arcadia, a blissful region apparently unknown to the Pure Literature Society—of the boys who excavated "a sort of cave" in a game-wood, "in which to hide in true pirate-fashion."¹ (The notion that pirates conduct their operations on the sea rather than in game-woods is evidently erroneous.) "Their labours were concentrated on a huge fern-bank, and by placing quantities of dead bracken and bramble sprays over the entrance, it was some time before their retreat was discovered. The wily troop were wont to issue forth to rob bird's nests." This at first seems a harmless occupation for a pirate—"the mildest

¹ *Report for 1895*, p. 10.

mannered man that ever scuttled a Cunarder"—might have indulged in it, although the Selborne Society would no doubt condemn it as reprehensible. But even the sacred pheasant was not spared by them, and the "gamekeeper set about in earnest to investigate." He was unsuccessful, but his dog—who surely might have known better, seeing how much his race is indebted to the human boy—"solved the problem." He "poked an entrance into the cavity in which crouched six or seven lads, from twelve to sixteen, some of whom were quite naked, with the exception of pheasants' feathers in their heads." For general purposes it must be owned that this costume was insufficient, however much it might accord with the period when "wild in the woods the noble savage ran." Yet it may be urged that the Bishop of Rum-ti-foo, in his anxiety "to conciliate his see," went nearly as far :

"I'll dress myself in cowries rare,
And fasten feathers in my hair
And dance the Cutch-chi-boo,"

said that excellent prelate, in his desire to show his sympathy with his flock.

The sequel is too painful. "The gamekeeper took the law into his own hands"—and not the law only, but "a hazel switch"—the treacherous dog "having instructions to watch the rest, who crouched in the door of their retreat." I draw a veil over what ensued. After all was over, "in the hut was found a bundle of the exciting papers, and an assortment of rusty [and presumably, therefore, innocuous] firearms."

Then there were "two venturesome lads," who ran about a "plantation bordering a canal, garbed in a wild array of odds and ends. Pursuing their pranks in the twilight, they escaped unmolested for some time." "How sad and mad and bad it was!" we seem to hear the Pure Literature Society exclaim; although the boys would no doubt complete the quotation by replying, "But O! how it was sweet." One really does not see why they should have been interfered with; but they were "excited by a passing barge." Thus, "the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done,"—"to do something daring, they plunged into the canal and floundered after the boat, one eventually climbing over the side, and startling a woman just emerging from the cabin." The emergent woman was more than equal to the occasion. "She thrashed the boy soundly"—thereby, no doubt, startling *him*—"and then handed him over

to the police," who were apparently secreted on board the barge. "He said he had been reading the blood-and-murder series of adventure stories."

One more example. "One of the most foolhardy freaks ever indulged in [!] was enacted by a number of hero-struck youths, and the scene of their exploit was a railway tunnel of some miles in length. When they emerged, which they did in company with two men employed in repairing a part of the walls, they were in a state of abject fright. Each was fantastically dressed, and bore an axe or club, and some had their faces painted in a grotesque fashion." Save for the "axe or club," this description would apply to many ladies in "society." These youthful desperadoes were handed over to the police, "the older lads suffering some trifling punishment"—one wonders on what grounds—"whilst the others escaped with a reprimand. Their wild ideas had originated from a too frequent perusal of the deeds of daring of the boy-heroes in the penny 'thunders.'" After such blood-curdling crimes, the boy "whose sole hobby was the perusal of these stories," and who "killed his younger brother with an axe, which he had painted in approved Indian fashion," hardly merits a passing notice.

It seems only right to say that these thrilling narratives are adopted by the Pure Literature Society from Cassell's *Saturday Journal*; and Messrs. Cassell, having many excellent periodicals of their own, of which they are naturally anxious to promote the circulation, are perhaps not quite impartial judges. But the inference that every kind of crime springs from the perusal of penny "bloods"—an inference justified by the manner in which they are dragged in at the end of every narration, seems hardly in accordance with fact. A very slight acquaintance with history suffices to show that the tendency of fallen human nature has been manifest in all ages: Nero, Henry VIII., the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, and numerous distinguished criminals achieved considerable distinction in various branches of crime, although it may be safely asserted that they were unacquainted with "bloods" or "thunders."

If the Pure Literature Society thinks that anecdotes of this kind will deter boys from putting into execution the delightful suggestions which they draw from their favourite stories, I am glad to assure them that they are mistaken. We may be as virtuous as we please, but cakes and ale will continue to exist. Those of us who are too old to act *Robinson Crusoe* or *The*

Swiss Family Robinson—two works excluded from the Society's catalogue, although the "evangelical" teaching of the latter might have been considered antidotal to its romantic tendencies—are not likely to forget the joy of having done so; "e'en in our ashes live our wonted fires." As to pirates and the like, who does not enjoy the escapades of Tom Sawyer and his delightful associates, who were at least as criminal and nearly as undraped as the "youthful desperadoes" of the cave and the plantation. Tom, indeed, secured the catechism prize upon one occasion, but it must be confessed that it was by doubtful methods that he obtained this distinction.

It is, however, not only the "penny dreadful" that falls under the censure of the Society. "It has often been said that the high-priced novel is oftentimes as pernicious in its tendency." This testimony is, I think, true; but the evidence adduced by the Society seems insufficient. "In proof of this," a letter is quoted "which a gentleman once sent to the secretary," and which runs thus:

When at Westminster Training College, I saw a doubtful-looking book in the hands of one of the students, and openly denounced it in our day-room. [This was hardly giving the "benefit of the doubt."] About four years after, while visiting a friend who was more intimate with him than I had been, he showed me a paper containing the account of his trial for bigamy. It was a heartless case, and he was sent to Cardiff Castle. I asked my friend, the present teacher of a flourishing school, if he could account for it. His reply was very brief, "Yes, — Journal."

The construction of this narrative offers much ground for speculation, but it seems clear, though strange, that the reading of a certain journal, which surely ought to have been pilloried, was a direct incentive to bigamy. One would have fancied that this was not a generally alluring form of crime, and in any case, how can the contents of "— Journal" be a proof of the tendency of "the high-priced novel"?

After the severe censures which the Society bestows upon the boys who put into practice the stories of their favourite books, it is surprising to find that Mr. Leslie Stephen's remark that Borrow's *Bible in Spain* "almost induced him to sell all that he had, and wander among the gipsies," is quoted with apparent approval.

What is the alternative which the Pure Literature Society opposes to the "roses and raptures of vice," which it so

unsparingly condemns? First of all, the Bible. Here one treads on sacred ground; yet one cannot refrain from expressing that surprise which a Catholic must always feel when he hears this indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures advocated. Those who have been brought up in Protestant schools know well that it is not the spiritual teaching of the Bible that there forms its most attractive feature. And surely the results of Bible stories upon the youthful mind do not differ very materially from those of other exciting narratives? *Helen's Babies*, of whom we were all reading some few years since, supply an illustration. "Tell us about Bliaff [Goliath]," said Toddy. "No," said Budge, "tell us about Joseph." "No," said Toddy, "I want Bliaff. Bliaff's head was all bluggy—bluggy as everyfing." "Well, Tod," said his brother, "Joseph's coat was just as bluggy as Bliaff's head was!" What these "youthful desperadoes," who had been carefully nurtured in Bible stories, did when they grew up, history does not say; but the impression made on them does not seem to have been widely different from that produced on the "hero-struck youths" of the Pure Literature Society by the perusal of "penny bloods."

The *Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the works most patronized by the Society, numerous editions being recommended for all sorts and conditions of readers—soldiers, sailors, emigrants, servants, young women, village and working-men's libraries, and schools. Yet it is only a few weeks since that a youthful desperado—he must have been four years old at the least—invited me to be "Christian-and-Hopefulled"! A too frequent narration of the deeds of the heroes of Bunyan's exciting work had induced him to identify himself with Giant Despair, and the shrieks of his sisters shortly afterwards showed that the rôle which he had assumed was being enacted with realistic effect. Nay more; the hero-struck youth had become so imbued with the spirit of the penny "thunders"—although he was certainly unacquainted with their material aspect—that he implored his father, almost with tears, to promise to quarrel with him when he grew up!

Next to religious reading, the Pure Literature Society recommends the study of history, "particularly those epochs which marked the triumph of liberty over tyranny, such as the reign of Elizabeth and the period of the Commonwealth." Yet surely "blood and thunder" of the most extreme type were not absent from these periods; the adventures of Drake and his associates.

are at least as likely to encourage lads to act "in true pirate-fashion" as the "penny bloods," and certain incidents in Cromwell's career—say the massacre at Drogheda—hardly tend to edification.

The study of history is, however, rendered necessary by another circumstance.

The power of the Church of Rome over the press is great, unwearied, insidious. Its dangerous doctrines are introduced by craft and subtlety. The facts of history are coloured and falsified by its writers, as well as by those of the Ritualistic school. This Society provides an antidote to these dangerous errors, in the beautiful and fascinating stories by the late Miss Emily Holt, whose loss we so greatly deplore, as well as the sound and reliable works on history which are to be found on its shelves.¹

It will interest my readers to know that among the "sound and reliable works of history" upon the Society's list, are many of those from which I have quoted in my papers on "Protestant Fiction." Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* occurs in many forms, suited to all tastes and pockets; but we have also, *The Six Sisters of the Valleys*, *Near Home*, *Historical Tales for Young Protestants*, *The Manuscript Man*, *The Spanish Maiden*, and the *History of the Fairchild Family*; with tales of the Marian persecution, of the times of Wycliffe, of the Reformation, of the Waldenses, and biographies of Luther, and of Count Campello. The extracts I have given in these pages from the works I have named, will enable folk to appreciate at its true value the effrontery with which this Pure Literature Society denounces the colouring and falsifying of the facts of history by "the Church of Rome:" never has the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb been more accurately translated into real life.

It will be noticed that Miss Emily Holt's historical tales are singled out for special praise. I have not hitherto called attention to her numerous contributions to Protestant fiction, dealing with almost every period of English history; but I will now briefly comment on one of her works—"Behind the Veil: A Tale of the Days of William the Conqueror." The author may be congratulated upon many original discoveries. The term "friar," for instance, generally believed to have been introduced by the Franciscans and Dominicans in the twelfth century, is here given as if in common use in 1097. The particular "friar" of whom we hear most, was indifferently

¹ Report for 1895, p. 3.

termed "brother" or "father;" he "wore the cowl and habit of a monk," was a "monk of St. Sévère," and looked forward to becoming "Abbot of Streaneshalch." He gave absolution in advance, when desired, and lied when circumstances required him to do so.¹ The Protestant method of dividing the Commandment prevailed at this period;² laymen had "no business with consciences, when the priest had spoken;"³ the Rosary was commonly employed—the attribution of this devotion to St. Dominic is thus clearly shown to be erroneous.⁴ Sir Raynald's religion

taught him that God was his enemy, and must be appeased by perpetual sacrifices; but as it was veneered with a little Christianity, he believed also that constant repetitions of the Lord's Supper would do as well. It taught him, moreover, that Christ had only borne his great sins on the Cross, and that he would have to atone for all the little ones himself by burning in a place called Purgatory, until the same repetition of the Lord's Supper should prevail upon God to let him out.⁵

So when Brother Serlo offered him, in consideration of a fraud by which "the abbey" would benefit—"a thousand Masses to his requiem," so that he would not tarry long in Purgatory, as well as absolution in advance, "he began seriously to consider if he had better not take" the bribe, and eventually did so.

This will suffice to show the kind of work which the Pure Literature Society considers "healthful and fascinating," and antidotal to the dangerous errors of Catholic writers, by whom "the facts of history are coloured and falsified." This is a specimen of the "pure literature" recommended and supplied to village and working-men's libraries by a Society whose Committee includes three Protestant Archbishops and the Lord Chancellor of England.

A word must be said as to Miss Holt's charm of style. She rises superior to the attempt to impart a flavour of antiquity by such expressions as "grammercy" and "by my halidame!": her characters employ "English as she is spoke" (in some circles) at the present day. "You've too ugly a phiz;" "I do wish you boys would have a bit of sense;" "Would you be good enough to read it again, and let me take it in bits;" "I'm not going to make an ass of myself"—these are but samples of

¹ "No need for a poor monk to tell more lies than are needful," said Brother Serlo, piously. "At present I know nothing, and to confirm what you say will only be *one*."

"Then you'll absolve me, will you?"

"Of course I will—beforehand, if you like." (p. 108.)

² P. 39.

³ P. 58.

⁴ P. 104.

⁵ P. 107.

conversations which show that our language has changed but little in the course of eight centuries. Yet it must not be assumed that all the characters speak thus colloquially: the Abbess, for instance, wishing to compliment a visitor, says: "I see the most rigidly honest and superbly honourable man on whom I ever had the pleasure to set eyes."

The incidental information which Miss Holt introduces is on a par with her knowledge of Catholic faith and practice. When we are told that "the Saxons called violets clover, the gillyflower the white clover, and the marigold the red clover,"¹ we can only gasp, and say emphatically that they did nothing of the kind, as the slightest knowledge of the meaning of the name would have shown Miss Holt. But as she places on her title-page lines which, if they mean anything, imply that the calyx of a flower grows inside it instead of outside,² we may be pardoned for assuming that Miss Holt has original views upon other matters, as well as upon history.

One more point in illustration of the claims of this Society to represent "pure literature" remains to be given. I mentioned that two members of the Committee are not unknown as authors. General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B., and Surgeon-General Partridge, are responsible respectively for two of the most offensive of the books published by Mr. John Kensit—*Monasticism Unveiled*, and *Convents: Accumulative Evidence*. In many publications of the ultra-Protestant type, feelings of amusement and pity outweigh those of disgust. It is not so here. I could not expect the Editor of the *THE MONTH* to defile his pages with extracts in proof of my assertion; but I will venture on one or two which will convey some notion of the garbage upon which Protestantism of the rabid type is nourished. I claim with confidence the support of every decent person in my contention that the worst of the "penny bloods" cannot approach in foulness or exceed in ignorance the filthy and ridiculous libels to which these representatives of the Committee of the Pure Literature Society and of the military profession are not ashamed to lend the sanction of their names.

Sir Robert Phayre's pamphlet is in two parts (the first of which was prepared for a Protestant Alliance meeting) and,

¹ P. 175.

² God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold:
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

like Surgeon-General Partridge's, is published by the Conventual Inquiry Society.¹ The first part deals mainly with "the Ultramontanes or Jesuits," and enumerates the "orders of male monks," and those of "female monks, or nuns" now established in England. "Female Jesuits, be it known, are everywhere, chiefly in the upper and middle classes of society, and many is the sad tale of domestic ruin that could be told as the result of their underhand work:" "Jesuits and secret Romanists" also "form by far the larger proportion of the Anglican clergy."

So far this pamphlet does not differ from the numerous others of the kind of which I have previously spoken; but the second part, aptly styled "The Climax," is of a different order. Even in typography it is startling: thus we read of "a Jesuit ORGAN called THE MONTH, edited by a Jesuit," and of "A REIGN OF TERROR, *the first germs of which* have manifested themselves in *political murders*." We have the whole narrative of the fictitious discoveries of Colonel Lehmanowsky at Madrid in 1809, which is said to be "found in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*," followed by the account of the putting to the torture by Colonel Lehmanowsky's soldiers of the inquisitors and priests: and then a long story "written *by the daughter of a nun herself*." The narrator escaped from her convent, and took refuge with a lady, who says, "*She was truthful to transparency*."² Although subjected to harrowing forms of ill-treatment, there was one outrage which she successfully resisted—she was never baptized!

One day my mother, in a fit of anger, told me I must go straight to hell when I died, *as I had never been baptized*. After a time she wanted me to be baptized, for she said God was withholding his blessing from her for not having had her children baptized." This mother was a nun.

"And were you baptized?" "No!" she said, indignantly, "I would not be forced into it." "And what did your mother do?" "She appealed to a priest who was standing by, and he said, 'Starve her till she does!' So I was starved for a fortnight, *down in the dungeon where so many are starved to death!* The only friend I had in the convent came once or twice, when she had an opportunity, and put *a cup of water between* the bars." This was the friend who met her death for befriending her by loosening the tight binding which interfered with the action of her heart and lungs.

"And how did you escape?" "At the end of a fortnight my mother went to another convent, and my friend came to let me out."

¹ This is probably the smallest "Society" known: it consists of the two gentlemen named and Mr. Lancelot Holland.

² Italics in every case those of the original.

"For having been rude to the priest," she was gagged. "Then I thought to get something to ease my mouth, but what they sent me proved to be *something to blister it!* and my own mother was the one to do it! and then I had to drink something in vinegar—oh! so bitter, to make me sick." Shortly after this

I became acquainted with one of the altar-boys, and then I came to know his sister, and worked every evening for the children's Christmas tree, and then I was allowed to gain indulgences.

A nun spoke to her during retreat. She then disappeared, and I firmly believe that she met her death through speaking to me. *Those days of retreat ought to be called days of sin, misery, murder, and every kind of cruelty. I can truthfully say from my own sad experience, that these things take place there.*

I have already said that I dare not do more than refer to the horrors which this military baronet is not ashamed to detail. Chopping a baby to pieces was inflicted upon this nun for a penance, and she had to take beef-tea "*made of babies' bones.*" But I forbear.

General Sir Robert Phayre proceeds to recommend *Maria Monk* as a book which "ought to be read by everyone who is interested in the good cause of rescuing English girls from the awful doom consequent upon their "taking the veil:" but this work is not in the catalogue of the Pure Literature Society. He concludes his book by a repetition of the disgraceful libel upon Father Damien, which brought down upon its author, a Rev. H. B. Gage, the crushing invective of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Surgeon-General Partridge's pamphlet is similar in style to that of General Phayre; and my readers will not wish for further specimens of the kind. I propose to send copies of both pamphlets and of this paper to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to others of the Committee of the Pure Literature Society, and to ask them whether they consider men who can publish under their names filth of this kind are suitable associates, or fit judges of "pure literature"? For the rest, I appeal not only to Catholics, but to all whose judgment is not blinded by bigotry, either to dissociate themselves from a body which does not scruple to promote the distribution of literature defamatory of the creed of the greater part of Christendom, or to insist that it should carry out in some adequate manner its intention of recommending only such books as are "pure and healthy," "useful and good."

JAMES BRITTEN.

The Ancient Roman.

BY MODERNUS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

A WRITER in the May issue of THE MONTH, who styles himself "An Ancient Roman," prefers a grave indictment against what he calls "the modern Goth," that is, modern Gothic architects, or rather, the priests who employ them, for it is the priest, not the architect, who is responsible for the observance of ecclesiastical law. The modern Goth is described as a "lawless person;" "flagrant indecency," "private judgment and self-will," "Protestant inclinations," "profanation of the altar of sacrifice," are some of the enormities laid to his account.

A form of defence, admitted even at the tribunals of ancient Rome, is the proving an *alibi*. An *alibi* is most satisfactorily made out when it is shown that the defendant was not even born at the date when the alleged crime was committed. It becomes then of importance to ascertain the date of the birth of the modern Goth, or as we will henceforth call him for brevity, M.G., calling his accuser A.R. The date is supplied by the accuser at the outset. "The modern Goths are the progeny of Pugin." Thankful for this information, we will not stay to discuss the names bestowed upon that great man. M.G.'s birth, therefore, cannot well be fixed earlier than A.D. 1830.

Up to 1830 then, the indictment would lead us to suppose the cross of the crucifix on every altar sprang from a knop, which knop was level with the cups of the candlesticks. Every tabernacle, in which the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, was not merely veiled externally, but canopied, the canopy being open in front, and like a tent, gathered in at the top round a small ornamental cross surmounting the dome. The tabernacle was made of gilded wood. The front of every altar was covered with a *pallium*, *antependium*, or *frontal*, stretched on a wooden frame. The colour of the antependium and of the canopy

varied according to the colour of the vestments used in the Mass of the day. Over every altar was erected a *baldacchino*, i.e., either a "cloth of estate," or a solid erection supported on four columns.

Such was the arrangement, commanded by the law of the Catholic Church, and carried out in every church and chapel, as well in the rich cathedrals of Spain, Italy, and France, as in the poor, barn-like structures where Catholics worshipped within the three kingdoms. Everywhere canopies, antependiums, baldacchinos, till the advent of that man of sin, Augustus Welby Pugin, and his lawless progeny M.G., in 1830, swept all these things away.

The *alibi* is proved as soon as the indictment is stated. These arrangements were neglected in hundreds of instances in every quarter of Christendom, years, and even centuries before M.G. was born. We doubt whether A.R. could show three Catholic chapels in England in which they were observed in 1815. What the Gothic revival really did in England, was to give Catholics some idea of the glory and wealth, and also of the law and order, which it is desirable should be in God's house. Within our experience, nowhere are ceremonies better observed, and ecclesiastical requirements better carried out, in modern England, than in those edifices which bear the stamp of M.G. A Gothic church, so far as we have observed, is generally a rubrical church.

The fact is, that the points in dispute have nothing whatever to do with the style in which the church is built, Gothic or Roman, or Byzantine, or no style at all. We have before our eyes daily an altar which has no frontal, no canopy or veil to the tabernacle, no baldacchino, and where the figure on the crucifix rises just to the level of the cups of the candlesticks; and yet, for style, it is an exquisitely correct Roman altar. There are scores of such altars, not Gothic, not complying with any of A.R.'s requirements. It is hard to hold M.G. responsible for them. They are not his work.

A.R. would have done well to have left the word *Goth* altogether out of his indictment. His complaints have nothing whatever to do with "the battle of the styles." There is what he describes as a *ciborium*, covering the high altar in the new Gothic church of the English Martyrs at Cambridge. We see Gothic altars with canopy and frontal, and Roman altars in the condition that he describes as "stripped naked." A.R.'s real

attack is on modern practices in churches, Gothic or Roman. A better title for him to have taken might have been, *Modern Taste by an Antiquated Rubrician.*

A.R. will not deny that an altar-front exquisitely carved in good material looks better than one covered with an antependium. Such covering suggests plainness, if not ugliness, underneath. Except in Lent, or at a Requiem Mass, it does not suggest something too glorious for our eyes to look upon. And the same of tabernacle canopies or veils. The spirit is not gladdened by the suggestion of "gilded wood." Of course if things are ordered to be covered, covered they must be. But of commands we will speak by-and-bye. The present issue is of appearances—as A.R. scornfully puts it, "the appearance which the altar will present when looked at from the end of the church." He writes as though he held it matter of small consequence that an altar should look bright and attract the people. He makes merry over the "new gospel of the sweetly pretty;" over the donors of altars, "commercial men of the middle class, or the well-left widows of successful tradesmen"—would that there were more such, of the "commercial men" especially; over "the stained glass eastern window, which has cost money," and is presumably worth seeing. This is true Ancient Roman style; it is Cæsarism, but without the legions. Our great aim in England is to draw people to our churches. We cannot compel them to come in; we must sweetly win them. They have, alas, an "unholy preference of a sensually attractive Benediction to a low celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass," "an irrational preference," so A.R. calls it, "which will most certainly by-and-bye bear fruit in heresy." This danger of heresy we fail to discover; for unless a man has sound views about the Real Presence, and consequently of Holy Mass, which is the genesis of that Presence, he will not usually be a devout frequenter of Benediction. But we go to Mass of obligation, to Benediction of devotion. When we want a thing, we have Mass said for us. For Mass we have an intellectual preference; at Benediction we have more sensible devotion. Being sensible, this devotion is also "irrational," inasmuch as it resides in the irrational part of our nature, the common abode of all the passions. It is thus "irrational," though not unreasonable, or contrary to reason; it is not "unholy."

It scarcely aids A.R.'s contention that altars may be sometimes carved out of "a soft stone, scarcely harder than a sound

soap," or out of "a fluor-spar, which is ennobled with the name of alabaster, and which suggests the petrification of a Stilton cheese in fair condition for the table." There are stone and alabaster altars which can well defy this witticism. But to judge from the vestments that one sometimes meets with, shabby altar frontals, become shabby, no one knows how, because no one remembers to replace them, would be frequent matter of offending in A.R.'s reformed churches. However, on either side we must apply the Aristotelian rule, that no species is to be judged from its depraved specimens. Let us cover the stone soap and the alabaster Stilton with a decayed antependium, and leave them out of the discussion.

"The less solidly instructed," A.R. remarks with much majesty, "are more caught by their senses than held by their intelligence." The proposition is undeniable. But it is too narrow. For "the less solidly instructed," we may substitute "the great majority of mankind." Upon this undeniable statement, as it applies to the externals of religion, St. Thomas writes: "The human mind, in order to be united to God, needs to be led by the senses, as it were by the hand: because *the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made*;¹ and therefore in Divine worship it is necessary to use some corporal means, that by those means, as by signs, the mind of man may be prompted to spiritual acts, which unite it with God."² Again, he writes on what strikes the ear: it is equally true of what meets the eye: "Vocal praise is necessary to move man's heart and raise it to God; and therefore all that can help to this purpose. is properly employed in the Divine praises; and therefore it was a wholesome institution to bring in singing into the Divine praises, that the minds of the weak might be more stirred to devotion."³ "The weak" are A.R.'s "less solidly instructed," the majority of mankind, the great bulk of Christians. There is not a more useful warning anywhere in Aristotle's treatise on Rhetoric than *φαῦλοι οἱ ἀκροαταί*—"The audience are a poor lot." Rhetoric, as distinguished from scientific teaching, is entirely based on this fact. Now all the external embellishments of religion are a species of rhetoric, pleading God's cause, arguing God's loveliness and attractiveness, before giddy, wavering, frivolous, worldly men and women. Churches are not decorated, altars are not carved, tabernacles are not enriched, and their beauty

¹ Romans i. 20.² 2a, 2æ. q. 81. art. 7.³ *Ibid.* q. 91. art. 2.

laid open and displayed for saints, nor for theologians, nor for Ancient Romans, but for the woman of fashion, for the prying child, for the heavy-souled artisan.

Not to be contentious, there are two points on which we are happy to agree with A.R., even in the matter of taste. The first is as regards the position of the crucifix on the altar. The first ornament of the altar is, or ever should be, a handsome, large crucifix, standing conspicuous among the candles. The people love to see it there. It preaches to them; and of all mere material things, it is dearest to their best affections. We condemn on the altar of sacrifice, as heartily as A.R., all "toy, or dwarf, or pocket crucifixes;" and should like to see them all given away at the church door to be hung up in bed-rooms.

But when A.R. tells us of the lighted candles on the altar: "The lights are there to do honour to the crucifix: they are not there on account of the Blessed Sacrament:" we call to mind that the candles are never lit except when the Blessed Sacrament is either brought out of the tabernacle or is presently to be on the altar, and feel apt to retain our old belief, that the lighted candles burn at times in honour of that same Mystery, to recognize which the sanctuary lamp burns perpetually.

Secondly, we should be glad with A.R. to keep the *mensa*, or table of the altar, clear at all times of candlesticks and flowers. It is an obvious convenience during Mass; and at Benediction it is no hindrance to the beauty with which that rite should be graced. But when A.R. proceeds to babble, if not of green fields, like the dying Falstaff, yet of greenhouses, "the chapel being turned into a greenhouse," "unauthorized banks of flowers, and greenery, and crockery," "meretricious flowers," "the prostitution with flower-pots of an altar," "turning the place into a flower-stand," our mind flies to those other lines of Shakespeare: "There's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it." Who thinks of flower-stands, and greenhouses, and meretricious flower-pots, when he comes to visit the Blessed Sacrament at the Forty Hours or at the Sepulchre? Who but he who has come to criticize rather than to adore? Or, we may hope, he does not think in such terms, nor form such criticisms at the time of his adoration, but criticizes afterwards from memory, not unaided by imagination.

A.R. thinks the rubrics confine us to *flosculi in vasculis*, which he translates, "small flowers in small vases"—dandelions

in mugs, or, perhaps, metal flowers, which bloom all the year round. But suppose we translate, "pretty flowers in pretty vases;" pretty flowers, natural flowers, and no stint of them in season.

On this matter of flowers, and his treatment of it, we would draw A.R.'s attention to a phrase of Jeremy Bentham's, "question-begging appellatives."

We come at last to A.R.'s main position. It is no longer an issue of taste, but of law and obligation. Altar-frontals, tabernacle-canopies, and baldacchinos, he will have it, are ordered by the Church; for any altar to stand without them is simple disobedience. He appeals to rubrics and printed directions. We appeal to modern practice and the connivance of ecclesiastical authority. There is probably no official person, having at his elbow a code of rules of any antiquity, who could not point to several which neither he nor his predecessors have ever attempted to carry out. The General Rubrics of the Missal prescribe that the altar be covered with a *pallium*, or frontal. They prescribe also that a third candle be lit before the Elevation at Mass. They prescribe that at Low Mass the assistants kneel all the time, except during the Gospel. These rubrics are neglected everywhere, in all manner of churches, ὁρώντων, φρονούντων, βλέπόντων ἐπισκόπων, to adopt an old climax. Bishops have eyes, Bishops are conscious, Bishops make visitations, and the thing remains undone. In Rome, in the diocese of the Sovereign Pontiff, under the eyes of the Cardinal Vicar, by no means all altar-fronts are covered with an antependium, and by no means all altars are surmounted by a baldacchino.

The fact is, that under any government, civil or ecclesiastical, subjects would be vexed and stung to madness, if every forgotten rule of law or rubric were brought out and enforced. It was one of the oppressions of the Stuarts to fine people for violation of forgotten laws. There is a law in England against the existence of the Society of Jesus, unrepealed and law still, the revival of which would be awkward for some of us. The tide and swirl of custom is everywhere fretting away existing positive enactments, altering their application and their applicability. The Church, like other legislators, submits to this action of custom. Or if ever she sees fit to insist on a lapsing, or revive a lapsed enactment, she acts through her Bishops. Till the Bishop puts out his hand to bind, clergy and people remain

in the liberty that time and usage has conferred upon them. We will be the first to submit to Ancient Roman, when he writes, *Dei et Apostolicæ Sedis gratia*.

One word more on altars, and we have done with A.R. He complains: "They are often too high for a short man, or too low for a tall man." Exactly what we should expect an altar of medium height to be. The tall man finds it too low; the short man finds it, as he finds everything else, too high. This is perhaps a trifle. But the following admissions are important and delightful. "In days gone by, the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved in a tabernacle on the altar, but was either suspended over the altar, or placed in an aumbry, or sacrament-house. . . . Benediction is an outgrowth of solid devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which has in these latter days sprung into existence." Therefore, until we return to the tradition of the dove over the altar, or of the separate sacrament-house; or until the Vicar of Christ shall use his "full power to abolish Benediction off the face of the earth;" we may be allowed to hold that the altars of the middle ages are not models for us; that what is now at once altar, where the Lamb is slain, and sacrament-house, where the King holds His Court, is not to be treated merely as an altar of sacrifice; that in point of fact, although not "of necessity," the altar exists not only for "the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass," but also for "the popular devotion which is known as Benediction," and therefore is made both "as matter of fact," and likewise as matter of lawfulness and advisability, "to subserve the latter function."

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Why look you sad?—*Shakespeare.*

THE Fitzgeralds remained at the Abbey most of the summer.

Lord Gletherton, indeed, fulfilled his promise to look up Lady Vivian for Ascot, but with the exception of this and a brief visit to London, they were well content to stay quietly in the country until the usual autumn gaieties came to arouse them. Cora, meanwhile, was somewhat less childish than before, more studious, making the most of her time, Eveleen said, before the coming out which was so shortly to emancipate her. Liliás and Reginald had grown much more to each other since the illness which had so nearly parted them, but which had had in many ways such happy results. It had taught Liliás how much her brother was to her; it had steadied Reginald's always careless nature, and had taught him the true value of the friendship he had slighted, of the counsels he had so lightly thrown away.

Reginald had heard with satisfaction of Edmund's accession to the Grange. Liliás had hardly seemed to notice it, and his name, heard so often at the Abbey, was rarely on her lips. He was too brilliant a man, had been too intimate a friend, for his progress to be left unnoticed, uncommented upon. Lord Gletherton owed too much to him, not to watch, with vivid interest, each new step in his career; but Liliás, owing him much also, gave no sign. She had met him in London, but briefly, and in a crowd; she had given him warm thanks—a little shy, perhaps—for his devotion to her brother; he had been asked more than once to the Abbey; pressed hotly by Lord Gletherton to come, but he had not done so. His time was very precious just now; the few hours he could snatch from Parliamentary duties being necessarily given to Harriet. He worked too hard, some people said, who wondered sometimes

why he did so. Was it for duty's sake alone? or would he win himself a name? or was he striving to forget the past?—that "something" in the past (or present) which made that grave look linger on his face, the instant that the speech was ended; the triumph won; the effort made. He was not strong enough to do all this, those said who watched him closely. He never had been strong, his sisters told each other, since he came back in the spring. No, he had not caught the fever, certainly; but the long watching, the keen anxiety, had taken so much out of him. He looked so worn, so *tired*, and coughed also when the wind was in the east, or when he was more over-worked than usual. And he was so weary when he came back to the Grange, as he did sometimes on Saturdays, for a few days' rest. He had done his part bravely in the Session, admired alike by friends and foes, who flocked to hear him when he rose, and never stirred, or cheered even, until he finished. Certainly, life was brightening at last for him; success lay ready to his hand; there was little cause for those grave moods of his, and Catherine told him so—too frequently.

It was a hot, close, thundery day. Rain was falling. The sisters were together in the old oak-panelled room, which always looked a little dark and gloomy. The same old furniture as in old Isaac's time; but a few fresh flowers about the place, which Harriet's tasteful hand had placed there. The windows were thrown open, but the air seemed heavy, and a drowsy feeling lingered over everything.

Edmund, wearied with the heat, and with a somewhat lengthy ride, to visit some outlying farms, leaned back in an arm-chair, his arms folded, his dark hazel eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the far distance. There was a little sadness upon his brow, upon his proud, sensitive mouth, which his sisters did not like to see there. It fretted Catherine sometimes: she did not understand it.

She was writing letters now, not heeding him. Harriet was busy also, arranging and packing up some wedding-presents to decorate her distant home. The pretty, tasteful *bric-a-brac* looked strange and out of place in this old-world, gloomy-looking room. There were some water-colour drawings also, of Everton and its neighbourhood, and over these she lingered pensively, loth, so it seemed, to put them from her. After all, her happiest moments had been spent there, and though long years had passed, she loved it still. They were not works of

art, the most of them, but they told their own tale, and thus were dear to her. They were still dearer to Edmund. Perhaps the recollection of his beautiful old home, which his own hand had signed away, had made his face so grave to-day. Catherine did not think of this; she only noticed his abstraction; and when at last a half-sigh escaped him as the last drawing was returned to the portfolio, she looked up almost sharply. There was certainly something in his nature which exasperated her. She wanted him to take life easily, and he could not.

"Edmund, you are growing morbidly melancholy," she said presently. "It is very bad for you to mope like this, besides being sentimental and unnecessary. I have said so from the very first. Women are supposed to have weak nerves and 'give way' sometimes; but for a man to be always 'down' and 'low' when nobody sees a reason for it, gives me a very poor idea of the masculine character. The *stronger* sex! To my mind it is the women, not the men, who know best how to 'bear.'"

Edmund smiled a little as he looked up from his reverie. "I am afraid I have been a most unsociable companion. Do forgive me, my dear sister, and tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you bestir yourself a little," she retorted; "walk, ride, read, write—do anything to rouse yourself. I can't think how you are to get strong again, if you mope and dream away your time like this."

"I have ridden to the Pines and back—a long, hot, dusty ride it was—and Wilkinson was dry and prosy; the terms unreasonable, and the tenant aggrieved; so much to do on every side; not one farm-house in proper repair, but each one seeming more dilapidated. In truth, I do not know where to begin, or how. There is work enough cut out for years to come. I will not waste my time, I promise you," he added, more lightly.

"I don't want it to be all work; yet holidays seem waste of time. They tend only to distract the mind and unfit it for intellectual pursuits. I own that it distresses me to see you thus unoccupied, doing nothing; the more so that you are not really ill, and will end by making yourself so. There is plenty to be done, as you have said, and plenty also to take interest in. You came here for relaxation, did you not? What better than out-of-doors pursuits for that? Or ask Lord Gletherton to

spend a day or two ; or Mr. Bertram, better still. Do anything you like—I am quite willing ; but do not mope and fret for what is past."

There was good sense in Catherine's words, if little sympathy, and Edmund felt it so. He knew well that to be morbid was his tendency—the outcome, may be, of a lonely life, with few real friends and ever-recurring disappointments. The little visit he had contrived to pay his sisters had been productive of more fatigue than pleasure. Even the fair inheritance so lately come to him had just now little charm ; so many cares, so much responsibility, had come with it ; so much of real hard work to do, before the long neglect could be repaired ; and yet how gladly he would have worked and striven, if Lillias had but answered differently.

"I will ask Gletherton to come here rather later. At present there is no time to do so. I must return to town in the beginning of the week. There is a debate of some importance on Tuesday : Gletherton will come up for that himself, I think."

"He has been little in London this summer. I suppose he is all right again by this time?"

"I trust so ; though he still looked thin and pale when we met him in the park."

"What a mere boy he looks—and is. I have not yet forgiven him his thoughtlessness in letting you half kill yourself with nursing him."

"That is nonsense. I shall be right again when the weather is less oppressive."

"And later you will say : When the weather becomes less cold. I am not satisfied about you, Edmund. You look delicate, and you cough. I hear you when I do not seem to heed."

"My cough is nothing ; just a slight legacy from last year."

"Which you should have parted with abroad. With proper care, you would have done so. However, we will hope that it is nothing, as you say ; but only—do not make it worse."

He did not reply, and Harriet broke the silence by an allusion to some scientific articles in a magazine which had been recently sent to them. She had been reading them with the interest of one to whom new books were scarce ; but the last one had perplexed her, and she timidly submitted her difficulties to her brother. He smoothed them away with ready kindness, but rallied her on the abstruseness of her studies.

"It is an age of intellectual progress, Edmund," said Catherine, in her stead. "I am glad that, unlike *most* girls, Harriet's literature is sensible and wholesome."

"Yet you must not be too wise, dear," said Edmund, quietly. "It was the fresh, untutored school-girl whom Oswald loved—and looks to find again. These studies are too deep for a little thing like you."

"There speaks the man," said Catherine, breaking in; "ready to sympathize with women's follies rather than with their efforts at self-culture. *Gardez le menage et les enfants*, is it? Yet to be learned is the fashion of the day. Lady Lilius Fitzgerald, if fame speaks rightly, has rather the reputation of a *blue*."

Edmund flushed a little, but his sister did not notice it. She had long forgotten, or put aside as meaningless, those words of Mr. Bertram, spoken two short summers ago. Nothing had come then from his prophecy; nothing would probably come of it now. She did not even know that Edmund's dreams, that Edmund's hopes, had ever centred in the fair, proud woman whose rank and pride of nature seemed alike to lift her above his reach. Neither could she guess anything from tone or words as he answered very quietly: "Lady Lilius is clever and well-read. I do not think that she aspires to more."

"I have no doubt that she is very charming! It is a wonder that she is still 'on her preferment,' courted and flattered as she has been all her life."

Edmund did not answer, and Catherine, putting back some books into the shelves, went on talking on the same theme, but without any definite purpose.

"Lady Lilius is the prettiest girl I know, and the most aristocratic. It is a great pity that she is so proud and stately, she frightens people who would otherwise admire her. You do admire her, do you not, Edmund?"

"Cold, and clear-cut face,"

as Tennyson says. How does he go on?"

"Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where's the fault?" said Harriet, softly. "Like Tennyson, I do not see one."

"Nor Mr. Manley either," returned Catherine, bending over her books, and scarcely noticing that Edmund had not spoken. "Will he win her, do you think? I hear that it is not improbable."

"Who says so?" It was Edmund who spoke now, and almost sharply.

Catherine, laying down the book she held, turned to him a curious glance. Had she then mistaken his indifference? Was this the cloud that overshadowed him? the meaning of the thought she could not fathom? But his gaze was turned away: she could not read it.

"They all say it," she said, after a moment's pause; "but what they all say is not necessarily true. He goes so often to the Abbey, as you know; stays there at times for weeks together; is *cavaliere servente* at their parties—and so the world links them together. I hope it is not true," she added presently. "Proud as she is, she deserves a better fate," and again glancing towards him, perhaps expecting a comment or reply, she gathered up the few remaining volumes, and swept out of the room.

Harriet rose at once and went to her brother. "She does not mean to be unkind, Edmund. She does not understand us—that is all," she said, softly. "Put on your hat, and come into the garden. The storm is over. The cool air will do you good."

Edmund consented readily, and they went out on the terrace.

The air was cool and pleasant, fanning his hot temples and weary brow. The flowers, wet with the freshly fallen rain, were brighter in their sweet summer brightness than before: and the birds were singing in a new key-note of hope and gladness. The bees were humming through the air, encumbered with their honeyed spoil; the swallows kissed the long grass, as they skimmed along its surface; and the wet window-sills glinted back the last flickering rays of the sun, as he disappeared behind a bank of clouds. Everything was beautifully still: the lowing of the kine, as they trod, step by step, the gold-strewn pastures, sounded dreamily peaceful, whilst the bells slung round their necks, in foreign fashion, rang with a soothing and harmonious clang; whilst the birds twittered and fluttered in the bushes, as Edmund and his sister passed by, silent in their sympathy with each other. But they could not be for ever silent—they who had so brief a time together: between whose joys and sorrows the wide ocean might roll for years. She had hopes and sunny dreams to tell him—that would link their future thoughts together: she had many an eager question of

the strange, distant land in which her lot was cast, but which her husband's love would bless to her; and she had questions, also, which she dared not clothe in words, but which her tender smile and dewy eyes revealed to him—of *his* hopes, *his* dreams, *his* future: and he told her in return of Liliás.

CHAPTER XXX.

How should I know I should love thee to-day
Whom that day I held not dear?
How should I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee anear?—*Jean Ingelow.*

IN the beginning of August, Harriet Charlton was married; and two or three weeks later, left for India with her husband. During his brief stay in England, Oswald had naturally seen much of Edmund, and the old grievance being now set aside and forgotten, a warm friendship had arisen between them, which would never again falter or change.

Immediately after the wedding, Edmund went back to London, for the wind-up of the Session, returning to the Grange to receive the bride after her brief trip to Cornwall, and having finally escorted the young couple on board the steamer, was glad to accept an invitation to Cannington. Catherine accompanied him.

The occasion was an exceptional one: a *fête* given to welcome home the last married daughter, Mrs. Melville, who, for the last eighteen months, more or less, had been touring abroad, "just," as her step-mother plaintively remarked, "as if she had forgotten us altogether." Liliás had been heard to declare that, what with her marriage first and her absence afterwards, she might be almost considered beyond forgiveness: but she inconsistently consented to be present at an entertainment, the sole object and origin of which was to do honour to the truant's return.

Tableaux vivants were to be given one evening, and after considerable difficulty, the Clare Abbey party were persuaded to stay in the house, instead of merely driving backwards and forwards, as had been at first proposed. Mrs. Fitzgerald, had her own tastes only been consulted, would probably have rejoiced in the change of plan. "So much less trouble, you know, Reggie!" she said, when Lady Seaham's letter came, but

Lilias, to her mother's surprise, demurred, and Lord Gletherton, with characteristic indolence, declined to interfere.

He had mentioned incidentally that Edmund would be staying there. It remained with Lilias to say if she would meet him—a different meeting as it must necessarily be to their brief intercourse in town, and, possibly, painful to both her and him.

"Let her do as she pleases, mother," he said at last, when Mrs. Fitzgerald seemed inclined to press the matter. "We do not know how it would answer. It may be that he has forgotten the past. It may be that he will try again. Between ourselves, I think he will not. He is proud and sensitive, no less than she is, and though Lilias herself is somewhat tamer, he will hardly seek again in his altered circumstances what in his poverty she would not give him."

"He has not much *now*. He is no real match for Lilias."

"He was always a sufficient match for her—a good old name, a personal standing far beyond the most of us—no woman could want more."

"Lilias did want more," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, shrugging her shoulders with an uncomfortable feeling that she herself would have done so too. "Love in a cottage has not many charms for her."

"There is no question of that now."

"But you think he will not ask again?"

"Not without decided encouragement."

"Which Lilias will not give."

"The more's the pity."

"Well, Reggie, manage it your own way."

"Let Lilias manage it in hers."

And Lilias said that she would go.

She knew well what the others were thinking, and she hated herself for sharing in their thoughts, for the anxious question which would rise within her, when she pictured that meeting. It was the first time that she would really see him, in his new position as Master of the Grange. When she had first met him after his uncle's death, the change in his prospects had been forgotten in the warm gratitude which she felt towards him for his recent tendance of her brother in his illness. Since then, they had rarely met, and for a brief space only, when little save the merest courtesies could be exchanged. She had heard of him at Charlton, welcomed and valued by all around him, his

name, his praise on every tongue : and the thought would occur, perhaps unwillingly, was she forgotten? Sometimes she hoped, or thought she hoped, it was so. Her own feelings were, at this time, inscrutable. She was angry with herself, and sorry for herself at the same time. She regretted the past, though she told herself she did not : and yet she shrank half shyly, and half proudly, at the thought that that which she had once put from her, might be proffered again for her acceptance.

What the world would think was still her snare. To her proud spirit the breach between them seemed suddenly widened by his new prosperity. She had refused his poverty to accept his riches! Thus would the world judge—in appearance, not unjustly. And yet, in her own heart, she knew well that it was not so.

His first wooing had taken her by surprise. She had not weighed or even realized the love she cast away, and seeing his life, and pitying his loneliness, she had learnt since to regret what she had done—to love him for his own sake, before the gilded bauble she had once craved, was his to offer.

Now, when he could offer her a fair home, and a position not unworthy of her, these very gifts at his disposal seemed a barrier between them, even though both wished to recall the past. Perhaps after all he did not wish it. Perhaps the love that had been met so scornfully was already dead. Perhaps the look, the tones that she had dwelt upon, were but creations of her fancy. Perhaps even now his heart sought other love, and the old fealty she had held so lightly, was given to another.

Even Reginald's indifference, his indolence in the matter, had something strange about it. Did he think or know that his friend's allegiance had passed from her keeping? Did he fear perhaps *her* feelings in the matter instead of *his*? The crimson rushed to the girl's fair brow, as this thought came to her; but from that moment her path was plain. At whatever cost to herself or others, she would know the truth. "I will meet him again and judge of him myself: I will see if his new fortunes have indeed changed him: and if it be so, I will *still* show him, that—for Reginald's sake—we can be friends."

Thinking thus, she said that she would go: but when the letter was written and sent, a new feeling of shyness was upon her; and when the day came for their visit, the punctual Lilius was for once unpunctual, and arriving later than they expected, they were at once conducted to their rooms, with only

a flurried greeting from their hostess, and without meeting any of their fellow-guests.

"I am sure we shall never be in time for dinner," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, as she sank into an easy chair, with as much nonchalance and indolence as if she had had the whole afternoon at her disposal.

Nor was Liliás either much inclined to hurry. Seldom indeed had she been so silent and preoccupied. She scarcely glanced at her mirror at all, resigning herself passively to the attendance of her maid, whose questions mostly passed unheeded. Yet somehow she looked lovelier even than usual; her rich brown hair more silken in its soft luxuriance; the fair white throat more proudly arched; the colouring of cheek and lip more brilliant, as her thoughts wandered further and faster away. A sense of a near meeting was upon her, and she now shrank from it, now yearned for it; then wondered at herself for caring, when, probably, *he* did not care.

Cora, who was to make her *début* that evening, presently came in to be admired—a shimmering cloud of beaded tulle, with marguerites in her golden hair. "O Lily, you do look so pretty," she said, her own dress quite forgotten.

Liliás roused herself and laughed. "So do you also, dear," and then, for the first time raising her eyes to the great pier-glass opposite, she beheld herself in all her peerless beauty.

Gletherton was indeed happy in its Queen, and yet her loveliness gave little pleasure to her: her heart was too full of other thoughts, and with a half sigh, she looked away again, and drawing Cora to her, began to re-arrange the pretty wreath, while Cora rattled on gaily as of wont, and scarcely noticed that her cousin looked so grave.

On reaching the drawing-room some minutes later, Liliás found herself in the midst of a gay circle principally engaged in congratulating Mrs. Melville, who, in bridal lace and satin, presented a great contrast to her staid, thoughtful husband. Her manner was as usual bright, almost to frivolity, but she met Liliás with such unaffected cordiality, such pleasure at again meeting her, that it required nothing further to ensure forgiveness, for having, as she herself would have put it, "secured her own happiness in her own way." Indeed, Liliás was beginning to think that her friend after all had been wiser than herself. She was listening with awakened interest to Adelaide's merry talk when Mr. Charlton entered the room,

and, after exchanging a few words with Mrs. Fitzgerald and Reginald, advanced to greet her with the frank cordiality of an old acquaintance. A quiet hand-clasp, and a quiet greeting—that was all, and then he turned to speak to Cora and congratulated her on her *début*. It seemed to Liliás a little disappointing, a waste of sentiment—at least of preparation: and there was some soreness in her heart as she turned away, and obeying the gesture of her hostess sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Dear Liliás, I have scarcely spoken to you," said Lady Seaham. "It is so good of your mother to have come. I hope she will not find it too fatiguing. How well Lord Gletherton is looking—quite wonderfully well I think, considering. You know Miss Charlton, Liliás, do you not?" she added, after a little pause.

Liliás had turned her glance with sudden interest upon the tall and graceful woman who now approached them—her ivory skin and raven locks set off to full advantage by the black lace dress and the crimson roses in her hair; but with features stern and determined beyond her years. So that was Catherine Charlton—Edmund's sister? Liliás withdrew her gaze, a little chilled, perhaps a little disappointed also.

"A handsome woman," continued Lady Seaham, as Liliás did not at once speak, "but cold, my dear, a little cold."

"I met her long ago, in London; she was not cold then."

"That must have been before their loss of fortune. You can't remember it surely, Liliás?—you must have been a child."

"I am five-and-twenty," returned Liliás, smiling. "Oh, yes, I recollect it well. I was at home for the holidays when the smash occurred, and used to hear my uncle talk of it, Aunt Julia also, sometimes. Miss Charlton was a girl herself, at that time, a favourite in society, so people said, so like her brother too, in many ways."

"She is that still; but the expression is different. Well, true it is, misfortune trains us differently, it moulds the one, it mars the other. Hers should have been a happy life, and his——" she glanced across to Mr. Charlton. "Well, God knows best, I do not think that we would have him different.—I think I must re-introduce you to Miss Charlton."

"Or shall I introduce myself?" And then as Catherine moved towards her, she rose, and holding out her hand, said

cordially: "I almost think you have forgotten me, it seems a long time since we met."

And Catherine taking the proffered hand, and looking into the sweet fair face, felt compelled to reconsider her verdict of a few weeks since—the prettiest woman, surely, in the room, but *not* the haughtiest.

When, after dinner, the ladies reassembled in the drawing-room, the projected *tableaux* were immediately brought under discussion. Lady Seaham had already made selection of some suitable subjects, aided in her choice by Mrs. Melville, and by her younger daughter, Mrs. Cameron. The parts, however, had yet to be distributed, and the younger ladies, at least, were full of interest, each hoping that some favourite *rôle* might be allotted her.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was indeed somewhat bored by the excitement, in which age and health forbade her to take part, and Liliás, young and strong and fond of novelty, had a weight upon her heart that evening which saddened and oppressed her, and made her mind absent and her interest less keen. Still, she took her place by Lady Seaham, and set herself to counsel and advise—the Queen of Gletherton, in this as in all else—the one to whom all looked for guidance.

"We want your help, especially, Liliás," said Lady Seaham. "The fairies gave you many gifts, you know, and these things will be playwork to you. Besides, you had some at the coming of age, a great success we thought."

"I think they were; but Reginald was the moving spirit, I only did what I was bid," said Liliás, smiling.

"Lord Gletherton will help us also: he has promised that. But now we want to choose the characters, the costumes must be thought of later."

"Will they be historical?" said Liliás, absently.

"Yes, some of them: we must consider various tastes; they should be such as every one can guess."

"Or shall we tell them?" said Miss Clifton. "We had some charming ones some years since, at Oswaldston, my grandfather's; and then, before the curtain rose, the subject was announced to us."

"It is certainly more simple," answered Lady Seaham. "There may be some of us not good at guessing."

"I'm sure I could not guess at all," said Mrs. Cameron, in her soft, shy voice.

"Why, *we* shall know it all beforehand! However, let it be so, if you like. First point decided? now the second. Let us have two sets—historical and pictorial. Which shall come first?"

"Queen Esther before Ahasuerus," said Miss Denison, a young lady with black eyes and hair, and rather a Jewish cast of countenance.

"Yes, that is a good subject, and we have it here," as she drew a photograph from the portfolio. "I think you must yourself be Esther," with a kind look at the eager face, and smiling at the glad assent. "I know two charming young attendants for you—Cora and Herbert Devereux—it's a pity they are both so fair."

"And there are still two other actors wanting, whose parts are not so easy to arrange," said Mrs. Melville, bending over the picture. "Well, I am willing to be one of them."

"And I the other," said her step-mother, smiling. "Yes, I must have a part as well as you."

"You! Lady Seaham?" How pleased and flattered they all were.

"Yes, I. Pray, did you think I was too *old*?" she answered, quickly; the smile becoming a laugh at their surprise. "Well, I enjoy a bit of fun as much as any of you; and which of you young ladies, I should like to know, would care to act the old attendant? For me, with the addition of a few wrinkles, I don't believe you will know us apart." And her pleasant face, lit up with smiles, belied her words, and made her look so young, that Mrs. Cameron kissed her gently, and said she would not look her part at all.

"There are still the guards, whose armour will be difficult, unless we take those old suits in the hall," said Mrs. Melville, when this point was settled. "But one important personage is forgotten—King Ahasuerus himself."

"Oh, Henry will take that, he has already ordered his beard," said Adelaide, saucily. Though the person to be *fêted*, she was not going to be a mere spectator, but enjoyed the fun behind the scenes as much as any one.

The second tableau was a very different one—a little group of three.

"Come, Lilius, favour us with your approval; this is your part, you said you would have only one?"

"Marie Antoinette's farewell! I like it very much," said Lilius, softly.

"And Cora must be Madame Royale. Well, I won't flatter you by comment, but expect you to be grateful; now, Madame Elizabeth?" as she glanced questioningly round the circle.

"Let me?" said Mrs. Melville, quickly.

Her step-mother laughed.

"Dear Adelaide, we should laugh instead of cry! your merry round face, in such a scene of sorrow! No, we will find you something pretty, and meanwhile, Marguerite, my 'douce pale Marguerite' will suit it rarely."

So they went on—the pictures chosen, and the characters assigned—a merry, laughing, well-contented group, the laugh and jest and badinage sounding pleasantly as the gentlemen at last joined them.

"Still hard at work?" said Sir Ralph, gaily. "You ladies will have all the fun beforehand. May we not see?" laying his hand upon the portfolio. "Well, I suppose it is a great secret, and we'll e'en bide our time—but, Gletherton," as Reginald in turn approached, "they tell me you are a victim also."

"Our right hand, my dear father," said Henry Seaham. "Why, he and Manley are to do it *all*—the scenery, the grouping, the costumes of the men. I'm afraid we're putting too much on you?" turning apologetically to Reginald.

"By no means. It's no end of fun. It is not a trouble, indeed, Sir Ralph! I hope I have not much to act, though?"

"If you depend upon the ladies' mercy, none can say."

"But I act wretchedly, I do indeed. I say now, Seaham, just see that I am not down for much."

"Look out for yourself, my dear fellow, and don't be too good-natured," said Sir Ralph, and then a merry laugh again attracted their attention, and they looked towards the circle. The ladies were bending over a large print which Adelaide was spreading out upon the floor. The name Achilles reached them, then a silence ensued. One character was still unchosen, that of Hector, and to him Lillas called attention. Something was said, which neither of them caught, but Reginald saw a look upon his sister's face, half pain, half protest. Then an eager gesture—a sudden drawing back—a silence, as Mr. Charlton joined the circle. He had heard his own name spoken. His presence caused a little pause. It had not been his hostess's intention to ask *him* to act, but Cora's thoughtless words had found supporters, and Lillas's "Oh no," was lost in the con-

tending voices. Yet Lady Seaham, as she met his glance and read the unspoken question in it, was silent for a moment, uncertain how to frame her request.

Adelaide, however, had less scruple. "Mr. Charlton," she said, turning round and facing him, "we want you very much to act with us."

A grave look came into his face—a little surprise. "I have not acted for many years," he said. "I should not know how."

"You would not have to act at all, only to keep still."

"Well, that is easier," he said, smiling, but still it seemed a little reluctantly. "Have mercy! there are enough without."

"Just in one *tableau*, only one," persisted Adelaide. His quiet face, his clear-cut features, seemed to her, as to others, so suited to the part.

"Don't be bothered by them, Charlton," said Sir Ralph, coming to the rescue. "It's well enough for boys and girls. Our 'Member' has well earned a holiday."

"Our 'Member' won't be much obliged to you, papa, if you class him with the 'Elders,'" said saucy Adelaide. "Miss Charlton, doesn't he act? I'm sure he does."

"He used to do so," said Catherine, rather coldly. She did not care much for these *tableaux*, and had already declined a part in them. The time had gone by, both for her and for her brother, in which they could have joined with zest in such amusements, and both shrank equally, though from different motives, from placing themselves in so conspicuous a position. But these considerations were beyond Adelaide's ken.

"And having done so once, he can't refuse us. Only this one—you *will* yield, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," was the courteous answer; but unconsciously he glanced towards Lilius, and the grave look deepened in his face.

"Now that is charming of you," said Adelaide, triumphantly. And Lady Seaham, too short-sighted to perceive what courtesy forbade him to avow, was glad only that her step-daughter was pleased. As for Lilius, she was flushed and silent, and took no part in the discussion; while Reginald rejoiced openly in the acquisition of this new recruit.

Edmund, meanwhile, turned appealingly to Lady Seaham. "I hope," he said, "that after so unconditional a surrender, I shall be admitted at least to quarter. You will spare me a sentimental part."

"We will indeed," said Lady Seaham, benignly. "See, here are your instructions. Lord Gletherton is the new 'Achilles,' and you are to personate the 'Prop of Troy.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Look first upon this picture : then on that.—*Hamlet.*

A LITTLE before ten o'clock the following evening, a numerous circle of guests assembled in the temporary theatre erected in the west wing. Many of the neighbours had been asked to supplement the house party, and amongst these was Eveleen Devereux, who drove over from the Cottage to undertake the interludes of music, but resisted all entreaties to stay the night. Her grandmother was not very well, she said, and she did not care to leave her ; whilst the evenings were so warm, and there was such a glorious moon, that there could be no sort of hardship in a drive of seven miles.

Lady Seaham consented but reluctantly, for Eveleen was a great favourite of hers, and, like many others, she fancied that she was over-grave, and that a little relaxation might be good for her.

"We are taking great care of Cora," she said, kindly, when the girl arrived. "I have put her next to Sybil in the west wing. They are such friends and will enjoy their chats together ; and Charley Montague is just beneath—in case of accident, or thieves, you know."

Eveleen remembered the jesting words a little later. Just then, she had to think about her preludes, to give the last fond touch to Cora's toilette, and wonder at the radiant loveliness which the happiness and excitement of the last few days had made more noticeable than ever.

Presently the gong summoned them, and Eveleen hurried downstairs to find the theatre already crowded, expectation and impatience on the faces of the guests. Tiers of benches and long rows of chairs had been provided for their accommodation, and Henry Seaham, the master of the ceremonies, had arranged seats also for the actors, where they could see without being seen, and have easy access to and from the stage. To a similarly arranged recess on the other side, where a piano had been placed, Eveleen was at once conducted by him.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, installed in the most comfortable arm-chair, was languidly interested and amused. She was anxious to see Liliás, and still more Reginald, in their respective rôles, although rather disappointed that Liliás, as Marie Antoinette, would be so little "set off" by her surroundings. A Court dress, *à la* Louis XVI., would have pleased her better, but "Liliás never *would* study the becoming."

Reginald was also indulging in a private grievance. He was in fact, in no way satisfied with the progress of his romance. He had watched Edmund keenly, during the occasional brief moments when he and Liliás were together: and he had only seen, on Edmund's part, a distant though chivalrous courtesy; while Liliás had been shy almost to coldness, in her anxiety to seem indifferent. This was a phase, which, though not unnatural or unfrequent, the eager impulsive Earl could with difficulty comprehend.

He felt his hands tied, as he told himself, moodily, and could not be expected to help those who would not help themselves. He would have liked to reassure his friend, by telling him how changed Liliás was—anything to remove that sad look from his face, which her presence only seemed to deepen; but he was uncertain how to set about it, and after all, what did he know? He would leave them to themselves, he had thought, a hundred times a day; but once a sudden mischief swayed him, and he strolled leisurely up to Edmund, with a *sotto voce* allusion to "moths and candles." Then, as Edmund flushed a little, he had repented, but in his own fashion. "I beg your pardon, Charlton, I always put my foot in it! but you two are so different from the rest of us, it takes a life to understand you," and conscious that he had not mended matters, he walked away without another word. Since then he had been silent on the subject; but a slight shadow was upon his brow, as he entered the green-room, and looked round upon the motley throng.

For Liliás was there, dressed for her part, an uncrowned Queen, in mourning garments—but with no sign of tenderness or pathos on the fair, delicately-chiselled face. She was looking very beautiful, the hour's excitement lending brightness to her eyes, lightness to her tones, carnation to her cheek. How could they tell that beneath the outward gaiety, there lay a secret haunting pain, that neither the flattery of others, nor her own resolution were sufficient to dispel. Queen and mistress, here

as everywhere, she seemed truly in her element, arranging and directing everything, with quiet graceful dignity, her empire unopposed, her wish paramount with all. Frederick Manley stood beside her, rendering the many trifling services which meant indeed so little, but from which Edmund felt himself debarred. But Liliás missed the attentions from the one, and felt vexed almost at receiving them from the other. Frederick's homage had been more open lately, his flattery somewhat fulsome; and she was beginning to tire of both. Still, she had flirted with him much that evening, and she now felt sorry that she had done so, and gave him only cold absent thanks in guerdon of his courtesy. He bit his lip as he turned away from her; a sudden hot anger mingling with his admiration; and yet he could not but admire her, and, in his own way, worship her. Others could see this, at least. Could *she* be wholly unaware of it?

"Manley," said Lord Gletherton, coolly, "you are wanted behind the scenes; your own *tableau* comes next, you know, after this all-important one, and the first gong has sounded. I will be my sister's squire meanwhile. Your costume suits you admirably, my dear Liliás," he added, half jestingly; "allow me to congratulate you."

"Congratulations should come later, when my task is done," she answered, somewhat impatiently. "I hope the spell will come upon me. I ought, I think, to be the 'Queen of France,' in all the worldliness that at first distinguished her, and not the heroine and martyr. I *cannot* wear that pathetic face, in a scene like this. I ought to be upon my knees weeping, instead of listening to laugh, and jest, and empty flattery." Her voice took a sudden scorn, which surprised her brother. But the next moment, when Edmund approached, her mood changed and she turned towards him, gay and careless as of wont.

"You are not ready?" she questioned, with surprise. "You will miss the *tableaux*."

"Not this one," he said, quietly. "I need little preparation. Gletherton has still to don his armour, a task which few of us feel disposed to envy him."

"It will be at least a thorough transformation, which will not be the case with all of us," said Liliás, absently.

And Henry Seaham, who just joined them, broke in, laughingly: "Who are these two delinquents in dress coats? Charlton and Gletherton. *Le temps marche mes amis*."

"How long do you give us to prepare for execution?" said Reginald, lazily. "You can't expect us to wear armour for two mortal hours with the thermometer close on 90°."

"Just 67°," was the dry answer. "Yours is a most important part, you know; it will never do to keep us waiting, nerves on the stretch, agony-point, &c. Those old suits were a capital idea, yours, wasn't it?" to Mrs. Melville. "I can answer for it that our new Achilles——"

"Will more than equal the original," said Reginald, coolly. "I accept the compliment, the conclusion was foregone. You and I, Charlton, must make or mar the evening! Majesty goes for naught," with a mocking bow to Lilius. "Heigh-ho! There goes the gong again."

And as he spoke, Lilius with a start turned away from him, and drawing Cora's arm through hers, passed thoughtfully upon the stage. The music had already commenced. How beautiful it was. Lilius stopped suddenly to listen, and the bored expression left her face. "It was like an inspiration," she said afterwards.

The buzz of conversation died out among the audience; the actors in the green-room ceased their badinage, hushed into silence by the first pathetic notes. Very slowly and tenderly they came, soft at first, then, little by little, faster and more passionate, swelling gradually into distant thunder, or falling into soft harmonious murmurs, their exquisite pathos appealed irresistibly to the hearts of the listeners, until at length they ended, lingeringly, in a few wailing melancholy chords.

Reginald, who had followed Lilius to arrange and criticize, returned to the green-room, his laughing eyes a little graver, a half-puzzled expression in his face. "She looks perfect," he said, hurriedly, to Edmund; "but so sad. Come on, you will be late."

Edmund made no answer, but followed silently. When he reached his place the curtain was rising, but for a moment he hardly dared to look. When at length his gaze fell on the fair proud face, which he loved so passionately, it rested spelled beneath the sudden change which had fallen upon it. What were her thoughts? what sorrow or what shadow had wakened in her eyes such yearning depths? had touched her features, pale as marble, with such tender pathos? That she was not thinking of the scene before her, that the hushed plaudits were unheard, unheeded, that her mind was engrossed in that most

tragic story (whose very presentment was moving some to tears), he felt intuitively. But was there not besides some sudden pain, some secret sorrow, that linked together in subtle sympathy the present and the past? A shadow of pain came upon *his* face as he read for the first time a sadness upon hers.

Reginald, turning, met his glance, and marvelled at the emotion he discovered; but he too was moved, a little, in his own way. "I never thought she would have looked like that," he muttered to himself; and he drew a long breath when the curtain fell.

When he went later behind the scenes, Liliás met him with gay greetings, every sign of pain or pathos fled away.

Reginald answered her in her own tone. "You did it splendidly, and no mistake! The 'spell' came in the nick of time. I hope the Muse will be equally happy when *my* turn comes. Tell her so, please. I feel uncommonly, uncomfortably wooden, and cannot get my part into form. I wonder how Achilles *felt* when he saw Hector dead before him?"

"Uncommonly small," suggested Henry Seaham.

But Liliás answered without heeding: "You will know, perhaps, when the time comes. Forget yourself—and think of him. You have a *horrid* part," she added, vehemently. "I can't think why they ever gave it to you."

"I forgot that Hector was one of your heroes! His part will be well done, depend upon it."

Liliás did not answer, and Mrs. Henry Seaham joining her, they went back to the theatre, where seats had been reserved for them. Neither had cared to undertake a second part. Reginald looked after them for a moment, and then hastened away to prepare for his own *tableau*, and was presently joined by Edmund, who did not wish to efface by new impressions the feelings which had been inspired by Marie Antoinette's farewell.

But the music soon began again: a louder and more martial strain, sinking presently into softer cadences, growing ever sweeter and more plaintive—Woman asking mercy for the doomed—Esther pleading for her people. Then a pause, a moment's hush, save for a few tremulous, uncertain notes, followed immediately by the full, rich chords of a hymn of thanksgiving, which filled the room with a burst of melody as the curtain rose.

The subject represented was "Esther before Ahasuerus,"

the principal rôle being taken by Miss Denison, who, with flowing dark hair and Jewish eyes, entirely realized her part. The other characters were equally well chosen: the dark, stately-looking monarch in gorgeous raiment; the slaves and courtiers, scarcely less richly clothed, contrasting with the languid grace of the central figure, white-robed, and pale with the supreme effort which duty had demanded of her; whilst every accessory of drapery or ornament had been carefully chosen to blend together into one harmonious whole.

To some among the audience, the subject seemed better chosen even than the first; it could not have been better rendered; but the pathos of the former scene had struck deep into their hearts, and the bright pageantry now placed before them, came with a distinct sensation of relief.

The voices, which had died away to silence, awoke again to greet this new *tableau*, and the murmur of applause was mingled with encomiums (which had seemed inadequate, if not unfitting, to the stronger emotions of the last scene), while remarks and even criticisms circled pleasantly and gaily.

"Well done! Capital! What an Esther that girl made! really one had hardly realized how very handsome she is. And Ahasuerus—could that indeed be Henry Seaham?" and they turned to Marguerite to congratulate her on her husband's success, and so on.

Lilias had shown great interest in the *tableau*, giving warm praise to the chief actors, discussing their merits with piquant brilliancy—with a gaiety which came strangely after her pathetic rendering of her own sorrowful rôle. Mrs. Fitzgerald was languidly amused at her daughter's excitement, but Mrs. Seaham, who sat beside her, was less well satisfied. She drew Lilias's hand in hers, with a wondering, somewhat anxious scrutiny. Which Lilias was the real one? This gay, butterfly creature, or the sad, thoughtful woman upon whose face they had gazed with dimmed eyes but a brief half-hour before?

"That is what a *tableau* ought to be," said Adelaide, as the curtain fell. "Forgive me, Lily. My mind is frivolous. But great emotions are a mistake."

"You think so?" answered Lilias, rallying. "Dear Adelaide, I grieve to have distressed you. I thought you liked to weep over a novel; why not also over a play?"

"It makes my eyes red," answered Adelaide, good-humouredly, "and I have still *my* penance to perform. You

looked your part to absolute perfection. Would that I could do mine as well. I shall not."

"Not with red eyes," said Cora, saucily. "Oh, do be quick, and think of something nice—the very nicest thing you have to think of," she said, fervently.

Adelaide laughed. "My part is easy—just a nursery rhyme. A theme exactly fitted to amuse our friends and revel in with a clear conscience."

"And all the rest are made to order," added Liliás, "all, save *one*—and that—and that—I am so glad I have no part in it——" She broke off suddenly, and her smile, which had been rather forced, died away, as Edmund Charlton came up to them. He was muffled in a large military cloak to hide his costume.

Adelaide turned impulsively towards him. "Oh, what is it? No hitch, I trust? Has anything gone wrong behind the scenes?"

"Nothing, except a slight alteration in the programme. The historic scenes come very near together. They want a little more variety."

"Fact and fiction—sunshine and shade—chequered as life! Change it, by all means," said the queen of the revels, in the easy, friendly way which, like her step-mother, she always held towards him. "'Amy Robsart at the feet of Queen Elizabeth,' then my scene, and 'The Crown offered to Lady Jane.' Oh, let us have the 'May Queen' after that, and, just before the end, 'Rose Bradwardine.'"

He thanked her, and, his errand done, was about to move away, but she recalled him. "Give us your verdict—so far," she said, eagerly. "Was not the last scene, 'Esther,' a success?"

He assented, as Liliás thought, a little absently, and Adelaide, noticing but not understanding, added: "I am sorry your own part is such a tragic one. We have been, I think, a little hard on you. I am not morbid in my tastes myself, you know, I never was, and never shall be. Now Lady Liliás likes pathetic scenes, and acts them to the life."

"That is because she realizes them so well," and for one moment he bent his eyes upon those half-averted ones, with a tender, sympathetic reverence, which was not lost upon his hostess, who, her part performed, that instant joined them.

Liliás raised her eyes and her words came impulsively. "I

felt like Marie Antoinette," she said. "And now it almost seems a profanation."

"Of what?" asked Lady Seaham, as she paused.

"Of bravely endured sorrow—in itself a sanctity."

"Of sorrow crowned by resignation, and thus still holier. It has not been profaned *to-night*."

The words were spoken very gently, and then Edmund turned away.

"He is right," said Lady Seaham. "You felt your part."

And then again amid more music the curtain rose.

And so the evening went on, and one group after another was placed in turn before the well-pleased audience; each heralded by Eveleen's music. The *finale*, however, was the chief piece of the night. Except Liliás, all the best actors were engaged in it, and it was therefore the scene to which all especially looked forward. The classical subject recommended it to the gentlemen, who had not, as Lord Gletherton said, "to rub up their history, to see with whom they were meant to sympathize," while the ladies were anxious to see Mrs. Cameron as Briseis.

"Such a shy, shrinking child she was; afraid of her own shadow," said Lady Seaham to Liliás. "I never thought that she would act to-night, but Adelaide has her way with all of us. I hope she won't break down," she added, nervously. "After all, she has only to stand still. Dear girl! she looks very sweet and stately," she breathed, softly, as the curtain rose, and her motherly gaze turned first upon her step-daughter.

Fair she stood and stately in her white robes and flowing veil, the one woman's form among the group of mail-clad men; whilst Priam, forgetful of his sovereign rank, remembering only his affection for his son, lay prostrate before that son's destroyer, with clasped hands and rent garments, seeking the one pathetic boon that could still be granted. And Achilles? His handsome face and his almost boyish frame had borrowed something of the grave dignity that beseemed his part. His blue eyes had a sternness not their own, but his lips and brow wore a grave compassion that savoured almost of regret. Regret for the greatest yet the saddest of his victories; as *some* thought, for the harsh vindictive hate with which those laurels had been seared.

Well acted, certainly well acted; yet the chief interest of the scene lay elsewhere; for whether through woman's natural

sympathy for the unfortunate, or from the memory of boyhood's pitying predilection, every eye rested instinctively on the inanimate form of Hector, lying death-like and prone on the threshold of the tent. The light, dim as a summer evening, had been carefully arranged. The moonlight streamed upon the pale, proud face, so grand in its repose; a mingled sadness and triumphant manliness seemed written upon his brow, stamped upon every feature of his face; until the vivid reality became almost as a pain to one at least who gazed upon it.

When the curtain fell there was still silence; and then a little hushed applause, quiet, but continuous. At its bidding the curtain rose again, giving one glimpse more; and then it again fell, and, one by one, voices broke through the general hush, and a little rustle and movement supervened, as the guests rose to leave the theatre, a low buzz of pleased congratulation meanwhile greeting such of the actors as were disposed to come forward to receive it.

Lilias rose slowly, a tired look upon her face, which seemed both grave and pale.

"You are tired out, Lady Lilias; you have worked too hard," said Frederick Manley, as he picked up her gloves and fan, and drew aside the chairs to let her pass. "And the actors acted too well."

"Is that possible?" said Lilias, absently. "Choosing such themes, perhaps mistakenly, should they not try at least to do their best?"

"Query? Should we laugh or weep? Which do we come for?"

"To do both," she answered, gravely, as Edmund's words—his warm appreciation, recurred to her. "To realize what others feel—sorrow or joy: to picture to ourselves the great men we have read of—the great deeds which we have admired."

"I prefer to go through the world laughing," he said, drily. "The *Iliad* is out of date: there may have been men of that stamp once. There are none now."

"Do you think so?" with a little disdain. "For me, I love to think there are such still, although the world knows little of them."

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," he quoted, cynically. "To my belief there are few great men to know."

She looked up, half-hesitating, but his mocking tone changed, as he met her eyes, bright even now with tears.

"I crave pardon," he said, awkwardly. "You have, I see, illusions still. You may even have an ideal. I have none." Then, as a look came on her face, half pity, half surprise, he went on hurriedly, with more feeling than before. "You pity me? It were worth while to lose all to gain your pity, Lady Liliás; but in this case I do not need it; for he who has no illusions in his soul, has at least no disappointments."

"I would rather risk the disappointment," answered Liliás, and then a hand was laid upon her arm; a little, clinging hand, and she turned lovingly to Cora. "Dear child, have you enjoyed yourself?" she said, but Cora, unstrung by the strange pathos of the last scene, burst suddenly into tears.

"Poor little girl! she has overdone it. It has been too much excitement," said kind Lady Seaham, as she assisted Liliás to soothe her. "Your mother is tired too, but liked it all. Your brother acted *well*."

Frederick Manley, feeling himself in the way, had already passed behind the scenes, and entered the green-room. Reginald had sunk indolently into a chair, declaring himself utterly exhausted, yet declaiming with much vigour against the weight of his armour, and the exertion of looking grave for five minutes together. Briseis was submitting passively to the congratulations of her friends, and Edmund, in his ordinary dress, was entirely himself.

"Are *we* to have tea in our costumes?" said Lady Seaham, joining them. "We look an odd mixture."

But Adelaide replied that it was all the better fun.

Reviews.

I.—FIRST COMMUNION.¹

WE all know that no event in the life of a Catholic child is so important as its First Communion. The Holy Eucharist being the means appointed by Divine Wisdom to supply whatever is needed for our sanctification in all circumstances of our career on earth, nothing is more essential than that we should understand from the beginning both what It is in Itself, and what we on our part have to do that we may gather from It the proper fruit. At the same time, those who have practical experience must be equally conscious of the difficulties with which the task of instruction is beset, how hard it is to present to the immature minds of children such a view of the most wonderful of mysteries as shall, not only for the moment impress them, but stamp on their souls a lasting appreciation of the marvellous gift which it is their privilege to possess.

Nothing could better summarize the scope and character of the book before us than the words of St. Paul which the author has prefixed. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child," and never for a moment does he forget to whom it is that instruction is to be imparted. The plan is large and broad, covering all the ground with which an adult should be familiar—the needs of the soul which the Blessed Sacrament is designed to supply—the types in which God prefigured Its nature and efficacy—the Life and Death of our Lord which It summarizes and applies—the part assigned to ourselves in connection with It. On all these points ample instruction is given, sound and definite in character, yet always in such a manner as to be understood of children, and attractive to them. At the same time there is nothing childish, and we are much mistaken if, like other well-written children's books, this do not prove even more fascinating to

¹ *First Communion*. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1896. Quarterly Series, vol. 94. xxii. 495 pp. Six Shillings and Sixpence.

their elders, and if in those who use it for the instruction of others there remain not an abiding memory of what they have gained from it themselves.

Such a judgment can be justified only by giving samples, which we select very much at hazard. We may begin with this summary of the lessons to be gathered from the figures and predictions of the Old Testament.

When we see a very magnificent preparation made for the reception of a sovereign, we feel sure he must be great and powerful. We get interested in him, and try to learn something about him. What, then, are we to think of that King of kings for Whose coming God Himself made a preparation of four thousand years? In all possible ways God prepared for Him. All that He did in the world was a preparation for Him. The choice of a special nation was on His account. The privileges granted to it, and His singular protection over it, were all for His sake. The types of Him from the beginning, Adam, Abel, and Melchisedech, Isaac and Joseph, Josue and Jonas, the Paschal Lamb, the Manna, the Brazen Serpent, the Food of Elias—all were part of this magnificent preparation. The Prophets were sent to prepare His way by describing Him so precisely that men might be easily able to know Him at His coming.

In contrast to this, the actual circumstances of His advent at Bethlehem suggest the following reflections.

And why did He come like this? Why did God the Father make such a preparation as this for His only and well-beloved Son? It might have been so different. Our Lord might have turned Herod out of his palace and gone there. Or He might have made Himself known to holy Simeon and Anna, who were waiting for Him and would have been so glad to take Him in and give Him their very best. But He did not want the best; He wanted the worst. Why? We must try to understand why. . . . He had to teach us our Catechism from the very beginning, and to teach us by His own example.

As an instance of dogmatic teaching we may take this commentary on our Lord's treatment of those disciples who went away and walked no more with Him on account of the difficulties raised by His words on the subject of the Sacrament He intended to institute.

Now just think. He saw them going away. He knew it was because of the sense in which they had taken His words. If they had mistaken His meaning, would He not have called them back and explained; have set their minds right; told them He was only speaking figuratively; and so have kept as disciples those dear souls He was going to lose? Most surely He would have done so. But He did

nothing of the kind, for there was nothing to explain. He could not speak more plainly. They would not believe. He must let them go.

Look at the Twelve standing round Him, silent, thoughtful, reverent. They will carry those words of His to the uttermost parts of the earth, and wherever they are heard the true disciples of Jesus will adore as very God the Bread that is His Flesh indeed. . . . If His words were not rightly understood, such adoration would be idolatry. Will He allow this? Will He let His Church make such a mistake, if it is a mistake? Nay, will He give rise to it by His own words? . . . To say this would be blasphemy. Yet this is what comes of denying the Real Presence.

In another line is such an illustration as this of the part assigned to us in co-operation with Divine grace.

Look at this pretty picture. It is a fishing-smack out at sea. The fisherman has taken his boy of four with him, and they are bringing the boat home. We must say *they*, for the name of the picture is "Father and me." The haul has been good, and the fish with their silvery scales line the bottom of the boat. A breeze is getting up and freshening the boy's cheek and blowing the curls across his forehead. Look at those two—the rough, weather-beaten man and the fair-haired child. The strong arm is doing all the work, and close by, tied on to the plank, lest a sudden lurch should throw him overboard, sits the baby-boatman, shouting with delight as he lays his little hands on the oar: "See, see, father and me." "Father and me," indeed, you little rascal, how can you have the face to say it? And how have we the face to crow over a good work done? . . . Perfectly true, it really is "Father and me." Our share is a real one. All I say is, are we going to be proud of it?

It would be unpardonable to omit all mention of the stories, so essential an element in a book for children, by which every moral is pointed, but we have not left ourselves space to do them any justice. We must be content with one exceptionally short.

"Is that you, Pet?" asked a lady, as the sound of small feet was heard passing the open door of the room where she was writing. "No, mother," said a sad little voice. "It's not Pet, it's *only me*." So we may say after our falls: "See, dear Lord, I have fallen again, but don't be angry—it's not St. Aloysius—it's not St. Agnes—it's *only me*."

From the above specimens the reader will, we hope, be inclined to endorse the verdict we have heard reported as delivered by one of the youthful audience to whom the book directly appeals, who had obtained access to an early copy. "Oh, let us have *First Communion*, it's such a talky book."

2.—MR. FROUDE'S LAST CARICATURE.¹

He would be a sanguine man who should suppose that Mr. Froude's posthumous work on the Council of Trent could exhibit qualities materially different from those which are conspicuous in his earlier undertakings. In the domain of history, the late Regius Professor has long been recognized as a sort of chartered libertine, and it is of the nature of chartered libertines not to restrict but to extend the sphere of their license and to presume more and more upon the toleration accorded them. Seeing that these lectures are printed as delivered, that never having received the author's last touches they are destitute of references of any sort, that the matter of which they treat lies rather more than usual beyond the ken of the average Englishman, while, on the other hand, the subject is one to call forth the deepest prejudices in a writer whom his staunchest admirers have never ventured to call impartial, it was only reasonable to anticipate that as a triumph of "Froudacity," the volume would surpass all its predecessors.

We had thought when first these lectures came into our hands, that it might be worth while to go through them chapter by chapter, and to point out in detail how the ingenuity of the historian, or more truly the rhetorician, in colouring, in distorting, in exaggerating, had transfigured the facts with which he professes to deal; but the task would be endless, and it is one which many reviewers have already attempted. Moreover, the book makes no pretension to original research, it contains not an indication of any idea of mastering the recent literature of the subject, either on the Protestant, or still less on the Catholic side. Of Janssen, Balan, Grisar, Hergenröther's continuation of Hefele, or even of Von Sikel, Döllinger, and Theiner, hardly a word is to be found. The earlier part of the volume is an amalgamation of what Mr. Froude has already written in his *Luther* and his *Erasmus*. The later is frankly founded upon such venerable authorities as Pallavicini and Sarpi, the latter of whom is cited by the Professor as a Catholic, and consequently unexceptionable, witness.

But what has deterred us more even than the hopelessness of the task from any attempt to catalogue Mr. Froude's sins of commission, is the conviction that the root of the mischief

¹ *Lectures on the Council of Trent*, delivered at Oxford, 1892-3. By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans, 1896.

does not lie there. One might correct every detail of fact in the volume and yet the history would still remain a caricature. There were gross abuses in Christendom at that epoch, and even if Mr. Froude deepens all the shadows, a scandal or two more or less would not substantially modify the picture. There was much worldliness and paganism everywhere, much simony in the disposal of benefices, much corruption among ecclesiastics even in high places, much resistance amongst the imperfect to the idea of any stricter discipline; but the fact which has escaped Mr. Froude everywhere, or rather that to which he has wilfully shut his eyes, is the powerful movement towards reform within the Church itself. Mr. Froude cannot altogether ignore the genuine desire amongst a section of the Fathers of the Council to insist upon an inquiry *de moribus*, but it pleases him to represent this as having a purely secular origin, as something originating with the Emperor and forced upon him by the troublesome German Reformers, while the Pope and all the Roman ecclesiastics resisted it tooth and nail. Contarini and Pole were, according to the picture given in this volume, simply acting from motives of policy or playing a part, while of the high morality, the single-mindedness of purpose, and the prodigious direct and indirect influence exercised by men like St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri, St. Cajetan, St. Francis Borgia, St. Pius V., Blessed Peter Canisius, Blessed John of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, Blessed Peter Faber, and numbers of others, we hear not a word. And it is this omission which deprives Mr. Froude's volume of all historical value. His *Council of Trent*, under these conditions, is simply the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out.

3.—EN ROUTE.¹

This work, which has attracted much attention in France, describes the final conversion of one M. Durtal, whose experience in connection with the worship of Satan and its hideous accompaniments formed the subject of an earlier tale from the same pen, entitled *La Bas*. We say his final conversion, for, when the story opens, unbelief has already given place to faith, but he has not yet broken away from the evil habits of his earlier

¹ *En Route*. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated from the French, with a Prefatory Note by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1896. xi. 313 pp.

period. It is towards the goal of reformation that he struggles, finally reaching it by means of a retreat, made amid the picturesque rigours of La Trappe.

In his Prefatory Note the translator warns us that it would be unfair to take for granted that the author is his own hero, and that he invites us to study his autobiography. At the same time, the book is from first to last intensely personal, and the whole mould in which it is cast speaks of nothing so clearly as of the writer's mind, and of the principles upon which he justifies his position, so that in watching the course of the convert, and listening to his continual communings with himself, we are forced to think of real life rather than of fiction, and of Durtal as representing M. Huysmans in a way quite different from that in which Hamlet has ever been supposed to represent Shakespeare.

Great as is the impression which, as we are assured, the book has produced in France, we regret to think that it is not likely to effect solid or permanent good. There is in it no lack of power: the keen and vivid sense of the realities beyond nature, alike supernatural and preternatural, with which it palpitates, lends to many passages extraordinary force, to which none can be insensible; it is equally impossible to ignore the piety which it constantly breathes. The weak point is the unsubstantial nature of the foundation upon which it proposes to erect the citadel of faith. This, so far as appears, is a strange, and we must add an extravagant, blend of æstheticism and mysticism, in which dogmatic teaching disappears beneath what Father Faber once termed the luxuries of old austerity.

Far be it from us to deny, or to decry, the services rendered to religion by the arts, which have proved themselves for centuries her faithful handmaids. No doubt it is most desirable that whatever is best and most artistic amid the works of man should be devoted to enhance his worship of God, and we should all be but too happy to see good taste go everywhere hand in hand with sound faith, and to find whatever is tawdry or meretricious banished from the sacred precincts. But, when all is said, it must ever remain true that art, however pure and high, is no more than a servant, and valuable only so far as she ministers to purposes immeasurably higher than her own; to endeavour to invest her, on her own account, with a sacred or quasi-sacred character, is to invert the due order of things and introduce a solecism.

Yet, throughout the book, this is what our convert does. It is a severe trial to his loyalty towards the Church to meet with a cast-iron statue of the Madonna, and he breathes a fury against the "religious bazaars of Paris and Lyons," which he seems never to feel in regard of the teachers of false doctrine. Still more vigorous are his sentiments about music, and it would seem that, if not our salvation, at least our sanctification, must depend on the possession of the true and original Gregorian tones, uncontaminated by the errors and frauds which have been foisted on the world by the house of Pustet of Ratisbon. This vital topic forms the subject of the conversation between the new convert and the Trappist instructor in the very last chapter with which the history concludes. Indeed, there is claimed for this music a distinct character of inspiration, setting it apart from all other. "Ah!" exclaims Durtal on one occasion, after assisting at the Trappist Office, "the true creator of plain music, the unknown author, who cast into the brain of man the seed of plain chant, was the Holy Ghost."

Exaggeration such as this (and who will deny that it is exaggeration?) assuredly does not help towards the solidity and sobriety which should characterize true devotion. The plain chant may be—we are not disputing it—the most fitting musical setting ever devised for human worship; but those who refuse to recognize its merits are not in the same case as those who reject a sacrament. St. Augustine felt himself entranced by the tones which St. Ambrose had taught at Milan, and yet was not without qualms as to the legitimate nature of such an adjunct. He remembered that the great Athanasius would have none of it, obliging the cantor to chant "with so slight a variation of tone as to be more like talking than singing." For himself, he acknowledged it as a culpable weakness when he found that the strains of a chant affected him more than the words which it accompanied. Those who think with M. Durtal would, we fear, set down such Doctors of the Church as blind guides, leading the unfortunates committed to their care as far from the true path in one direction, as do those, in the other, who, putting Gregorian melodies aside, make their choristers "gurglerigadoons," so that "there is no longer a sanctuary, but a howling-place; the *Ave Maria*, the *Ave Verum*, all the mystical indecencies of the late Gounod, the rhapsodies of old Thomas, the capers of indigent musicasters, defile in a chain wound by choir leaders from Lamoureux, chanted unfortunately by

children, the chastity of whose voices no one fears to prostitute in these middle-class passages of music, these by-ways of art."

Another point which cannot escape notice is the strange want of reticence displayed throughout the book. As may be gathered from what has been said, the convert assumes the character of a teacher rather than a disciple, and freely passes judgment upon everything and everybody. We find wholesale condemnation of living preachers: "Orators pelted like tenors, Monsabré, Didon, those Coquelins of the Church, and lower yet those products of the Catholic training school, that bellicose booby the Abbé d'Hulst." Likewise of the services of actual churches: "St. Gervais was, as well as St. Eustache, a paying concert, where Faith had nothing to do." "Vespers at St. Severin were botched and mean." "The grand Benedictions at St. Sulpice are a shame." "The modern services spoil the very essences of the plain chants." Nor do the saints and servants of God fare better at his hands. We are told of the "high Mysticism of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross," and of "so-called temperate Mysticism, of which the adepts were St. Francis de Sales and his friend the celebrated Baroness de Chantal." Farther, that "Fenelon tried to conciliate these two tendencies, in preparing a small Mysticism neither too hot nor too cold, a little less lukewarm than that of St. Francis de Sales." This is M. Durtal's opinion of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

He had already run through the work at Paris, and the pages which he turned over afresh did not change the harsh, almost hostile, opinion which he had retained of this book. The fact is, that these exercises leave no initiative to the soul; they consider it as a soft paste good to run into a mould; they show it no horizon, no sky. Instead of trying to stretch it, and make it greater, they make it smaller deliberately; they put it back into the cases of their wafer box, nourish it only on faded trifles, on dry nothings.

If this is pretty well for a convert of a week's standing, what shall we say of the following verdict, which like others of the kind is never qualified or retracted?

This puts us somewhat at a distance from hypocrites and devout persons; as far indeed as modern Catholicism is from Mysticism, for certainly that religion is as grovelling on the ground as Mysticism is high! And that is true. Instead of directing all our forces to that unknown end, of taking our soul to fashion it in that form of a dove which the Middle Ages gave to the pyxes; instead of making it the shrine where the Host reposes in the very image of the Holy Spirit, the Catholic confines himself to trying to conceal his conscience, to

deceive his Judge by the fear of a salutary hell ; he acts not by choice, but by fear ; he with the aid of his clergy, and the help of his imbecile literature, and his feeble press, has made of religion a mere fetichism, a ridiculous worship composed of statuettes and alms-boxes ; candles and chromo-lithographs ; he has materialized the ideal of Love, in inventing an entire physical devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Non tali auxilio. Such is not the spirit which the Church desires to enlist in her service, and extravagance of this kind naturally follows from the want of balance in a mind which confounds the value of human accessories, and of the divine purposes in serving which they find their dignity and their worth.

There is something, however, which must be described as still more objectionable—the unsavoury and unwholesome details which the convert is made to furnish as to the temptations and imaginations which assail the mind of a libertine in his struggle towards repentance. The translator warns us that he has been obliged to soften some passages, since English ears will not endure what may be said in France. There remains, however, enough and more to make it most improbable, apart from all else, that the book should practically fulfil the excellent intentions which, we do not doubt, prompted its production.

4.—THE DIALOGUE OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.¹

There exists in human nature an irrepressible desire to shake off, by some means or other, the bonds that bind the soul to the material world, and that render it subject to the restrictions imposed upon it by its union with the corruptible body. Even the excesses of the intemperate are a feeble and misguided effort in this direction. The love of some strong excitement that makes them for a time forget themselves and the ordinary conditions of their existence, is due to their natural longing after some sort of "ecstasy." The joy that is felt in every intense form of human affection is in great measure due to the fact that it lifts him who experiences it in some sense out of himself, and causes him to live a life other than that of his ordinary being. So too the trance of the spiritualist "medium" transplants him into the regions of the unseen, and plunges him for the time

¹ *The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena*, dictated by her while in a state of ecstasy to her secretaries, and completed in the year of our Lord 1370. Translated from the original Italian, with an Introduction on the Study of Mysticism, by Algar Thorold. Kegan Paul and Co., 1896.

into an ecstatic and preternatural condition. In other words, all men are born mystics, and even the most materialistic and realistic age can never extinguish in the hearts of men their instinctive tendency to mysticism. The universal love of mystery and of the mysterious, so far from being enfeebled by modern society, breaks out first in one form and then in another, in its desire to satisfy us, and creates new forms of mysticism, by which it seeks to penetrate the veil of the unseen.

The Catholic Church, which recognizes every legitimate craving of human nature, does not ignore this craving after the invisible world. One of the chief objects of her institution was to raise the soul of man above the ties that bind it down to earth. All her teaching, her sacraments, rites, and ceremonies, are intended to free man from the dominion of the flesh, and to introduce him into a higher and nobler sphere of being. Mysticism is of the essence of all Catholic doctrine, and when we speak of mystical theology as one branch of the "science of sciences," we do not thereby exclude the mystical from the other fields of theological research. All theology has for its ultimate object the union of the soul with God, but mystical theology makes this its immediate and direct object. We are too prone to connect the phrase with something which is altogether beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, and is a science which can be learned only by the saints. This is due in great measure to the fact that most of the great mystical writers deal only with the more advanced stages of the spiritual life, and therefore use language which is an unknown tongue to the large majority even of pious Christians. As Mr. Thorold well says in his Preface, "The great mystics are occupied almost exclusively with the sublime as distinguished from the ordinary processes of the spiritual life, and so their terminology is as special as the experiences they attempt to describe are abnormal." And again he describes them as "having taken as their starting-point what is to most the goal hardly to be reached," and the result of this is that their own treatment of the preliminary stages of spirituality is frequently conventional and jejune.¹

The great charm of the volume familiar to us under the name of the *Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena*, is that it brings the highest mysticism within the comprehension of all. To quote once more from Mr. Thorold's admirable Preface :

¹ P. 16.

The special value of St. Catherine's *Dialogo* lies in the fact that from first to last it is nothing more than a mystical exposition of the creeds taught to every Catholic child in the poor schools. The Saint's insight penetrates every turn of the well-worn path that we must all humbly tread. . . . Every well-known form of Christian life, healthy or parasitic, is treated of, detailed, analyzed incisively, remorselessly, and then subsumed under the general conception of God's infinite loving kindness and mercy.¹

The *Dialogue* consists of four treatises. The first is called "A Treatise of Divine Providence," and describes the means by which God raises the soul to a close union with Himself. Then follows a "Treatise of Discretion," by which is meant the supernatural wisdom which God imparts to the soul that seeks Him, and of Indiscretion, or the folly of those who seek Him not. The third Treatise is a "Treatise on Prayer," the word being used in a wide sense to indicate the means of grace in general. It treats with a warning of terrible force and most outspoken severity of the misery of those who neglect and abuse the means of grace, and especially of the awful guilt of priests who do not live a life of virtue; and the volume closes with a short "Treatise on Obedience," describing especially the happiness of religious obedience. What strikes us especially as we read these pages is the picturesque simplicity with which the Saint deals with subjects the most profound, and also the intensely practical character of her mysticism. There is, moreover, a winning power in her words, and an unction which bears testimony to the Divine source from which they came. The following passage is one of singular beauty, and rings with a note of supernatural insight into spiritual things. The Saint, speaking of those who are in a state of mortal sin, gives the description of their condition, as dictated by Almighty God Himself:

Because they are dead their memory takes no heed of My mercy. The eye of their intellect sees not and knows not My truth, because their feeling is dead, that is, their intellect has no object before it but themselves, with the dead love of their own sensuality, and so their will is dead to My will because it loves nothing but dead things. These three powers, then, being dead, all the soul's operations, both in deed and thought, are dead as far as grace is concerned. For the soul cannot defend herself against her enemies, nor help herself through her own power, but only so far as she is helped by Me. It is true indeed that every time that this corpse, in whom only free-will has remained (which remains as long as the mortal body lives), asks My help, he can

¹ P. 16.

have it, but never can help himself; he has become insupportable to himself, and wishing to govern the world is governed by that which is not, that is, by sin, for sin in itself is nothing, and such men have become servants and slaves of sin. I had made them trees of love with the life of grace which they received in Holy Baptism; and they have become trees of death because they are dead, as I have already said to thee. Dost thou know how this tree finds roots? In the height of pride, which is nourished by their sensitive self-love.¹

Or, to take another short extract from the "Treatise of Obedience," we find the following beautiful eulogy of the obedient man:

Everything that the obedient man does is a source of merit to him. If he eats, obedience is his food; if he sleeps, his dreams are obedience; if he walks, if he remains still, if he fasts, if he watches—everything that he does is obedience; if he serves his neighbour, it is obedience that he serves. How is he guided in the choir, in the refectory, in his cell? By obedience, with the light of the most holy faith, by which light he has slain and cast from him his humbled self-will, and abandoned himself with self-hatred to the arms of his Order and his Superior. Reposing with obedience in the ship, allowing himself to be guided by his Superior, he has navigated the tempestuous sea of this life with calm and serene mind, and tranquillity of heart, because obedience and faith have taken all darkness from him; he remains strong and firm, having lost all weakness and fear, having destroyed his own will, from which comes all weakness and disordinate fear.²

The reader will be able to see from the above passages, not only the general character of the work that Mr. Thorold has done us the service of translating, but also the excellence of his terse, literal, and idiomatic translation. If we had a fault to find, it would be that he is sometimes a trifle too literal, and employs expressions which may sound rightly in the original Italian, but jar upon our ears in their English dress, as for instance when he makes the soul contemplating our Lord's Passion, address Him with the words, "O loving madman!"³ or when he says that "the food of the Sacrament is placed in the tavern of the mystical Body of Christ,"⁴ where "hostelry" would surely have been a better word than "tavern." We also notice throughout, the word disordinate instead of the more familiar "inordinate," as, *e.g.*, in the passage quoted above. But after all, to be too literal is a fault in the right direction, and we are most grateful to Mr. Thorold for the vivid exactness of his rendering, and the clearness of his style. The book will be found a most useful and suggestive one for spiritual reading, and ought to have a place in every convent and Catholic library.

¹ P. 77.

² P. 352.

³ P. 76.

⁴ P. 137.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Catholic Truth Society's new edition of Mr. Allies' *See of St. Peter*,¹ is in every respect excellent, including the moderate figure of its price. It will, we hope, have the effect of making the Catholic public familiar with a treatise, long acknowledged to be masterly, upon the cardinal point of our faith, and that whereon all our controversies must ultimately turn. It is as true now as when Mr. Allies first wrote, that the whole question between the Roman Church and others, whether Protestant or schismatic, depends upon Papal Supremacy, as at present claimed, being of Divine right or not. Besides this, all others, notably that of Anglican Orders, of which we hear so much, are of quite secondary importance, for if the Papal claims be valid, there is nothing for it but to submit to Rome, with Orders or without.

The *Life of Blessed Sebastian Valfré*, of the Turin Oratory, by Lady Amabel Kerr,² is a worthy addition to the excellent biographies of the same Society, to which Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Brompton Oratory, contributes an instructive Preface.

Tradition, by Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., is another valuable reprint,³ being taken from the author's well-known *Ritual of the New Testament*. It is an admirable idea to extract this chapter for wider circulation than the book to which it belongs is likely to attain. No point of the Catholic system is more hopelessly misunderstood by outsiders than that with which it deals, nor could it fall for treatment into better hands.

¹ *The See of St. Peter, the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Fourth Edition. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

² *The Life of Blessed Sebastian Valfré.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Catholic Truth Society. 3s. 6d.

³ *Tradition.* By Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Catholic Truth Society. One Penny.

